

APRIL 24, 1880.

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 543.—Vol. XXI.

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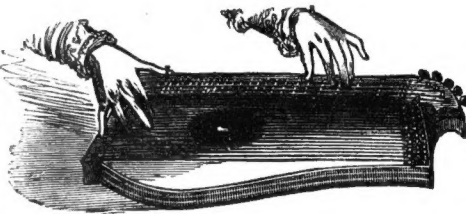
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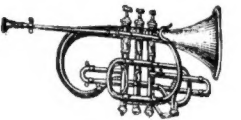
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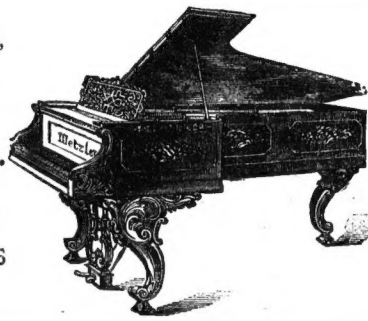
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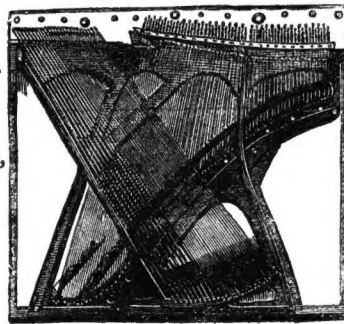
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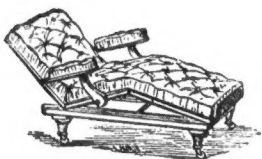
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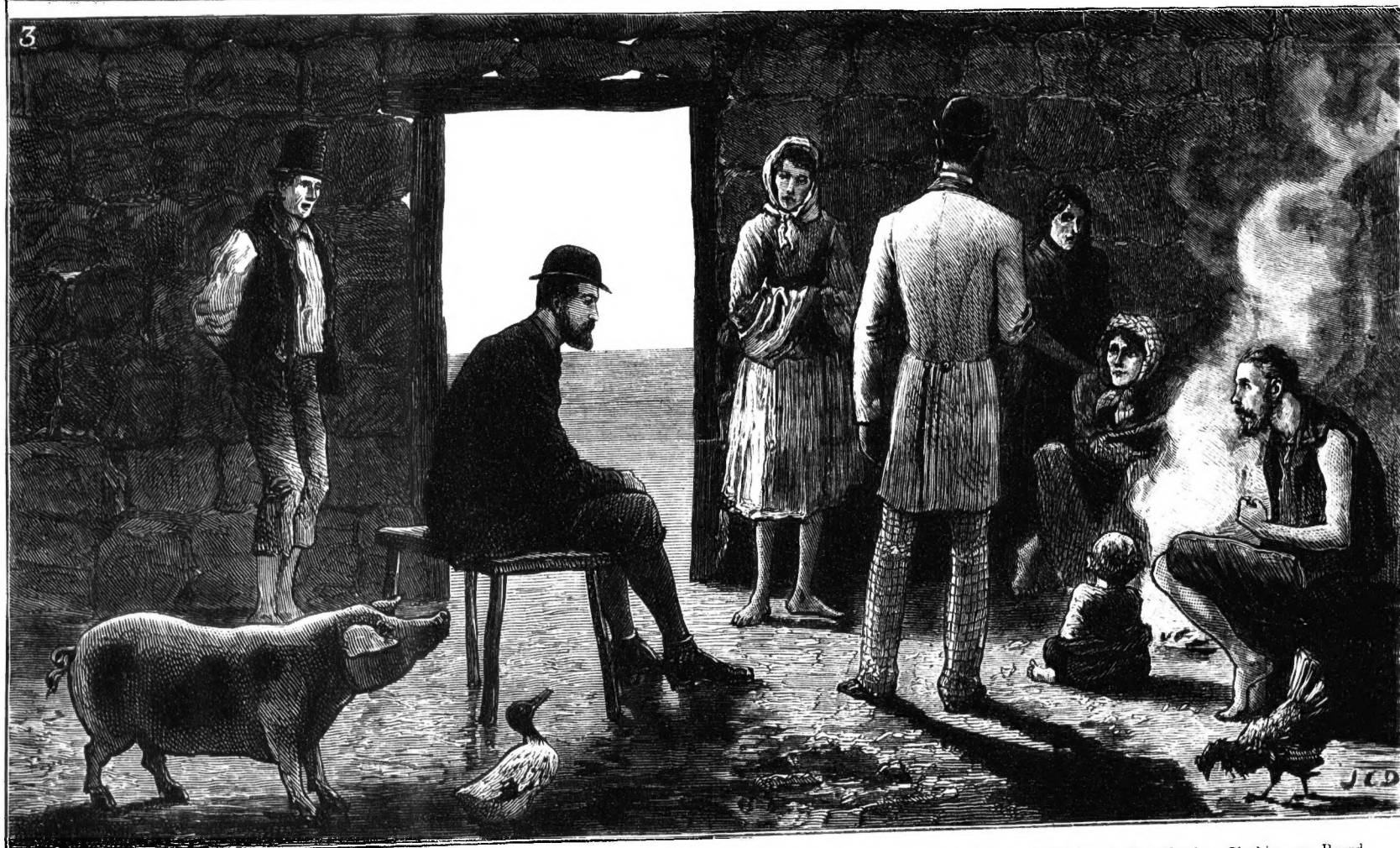
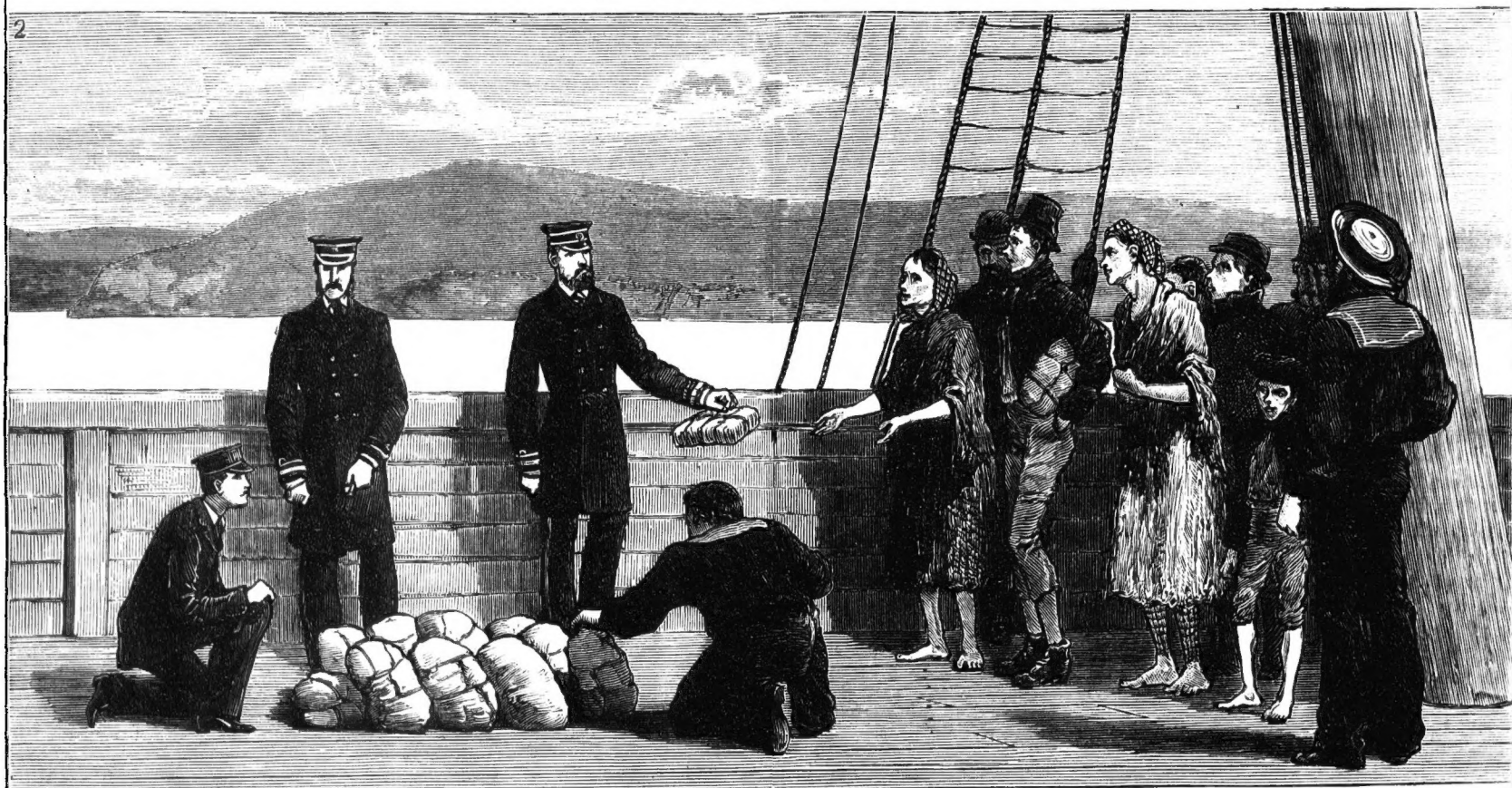
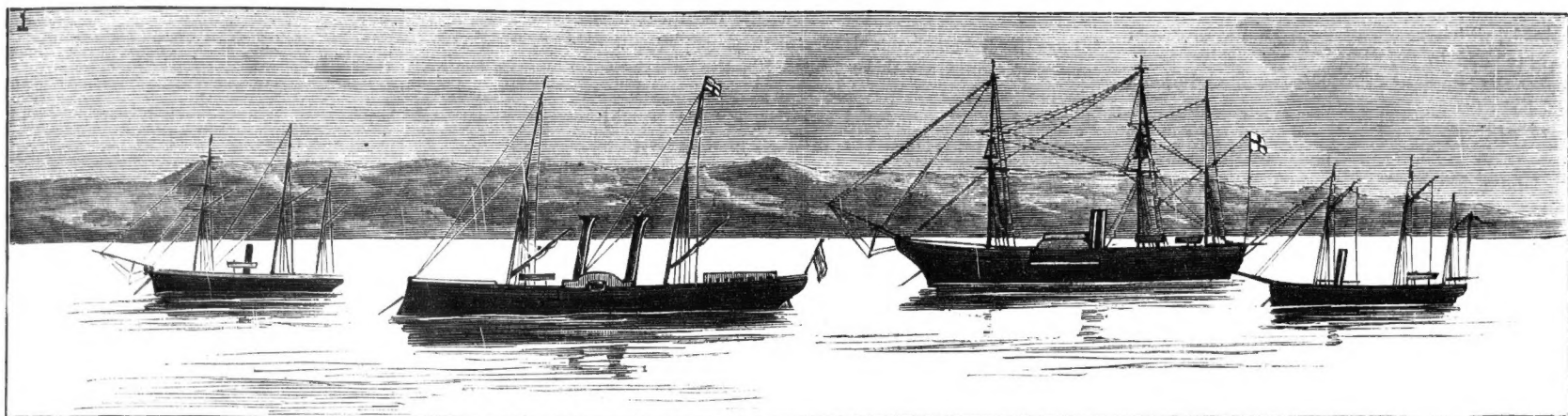
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 543.—VOL. XXI.
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880

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1. The Relief Squadron under the Command of the Duke of Edinburgh at Anchor at Kilkerran Bay, Galway.—2. The Duke of Edinburgh Distributing Clothing on Board H.M.S. "Lively."—3. On Shore: The Duke of Edinburgh Visiting Distressed Cottagers.

THE RELIEF OF IRISH DISTRESS—VISITING TOUR OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

Topics of the Week

THE FORTHCOMING MINISTRY.—Within a very few days, doubtless, the names of the new Ministers will be announced, and conjecture will be transmuted into fact. As usual in such cases, there are more eligible candidates than there are places to fill, and the difficulty is enhanced on the present occasion by the large amount of ability which is to be found in the ranks of the Liberal party. Some of the veterans, probably, who have already enjoyed the sweets of office, will have to yield to the claims of younger men. In these days, when the House of Lords has lost all real power, just because it lacks the life-giving breath of popular election, it is unadvisable that the Cabinet should be stronger in the Upper than in the Lower Chamber. The Conservatives have for some time laboured under this defect. They were strong among the Peers, where, as that body is mainly Tory, there was no great need for strength; but were far inferior as regards debating power to their rivals in the House of Commons. For this reason Lord Hartington, though accident may any day carry him to the Upper House, is preferable as Prime Minister to Lord Granville. He possesses another advantage—he is younger, and we should be glad, in these days when political leadership is so often entrusted to men who in other professions would be regarded as ripe for retirement, to see the Premiership held by a rising young gentleman of forty-seven. Of course the Liberal majority throughout the country would far prefer to see Mr. Gladstone both nominally and actually chief of the Ministry. But although he may yield to the solicitations of his friends, Mr. Gladstone probably feels that he can serve his countrymen as effectually in a comparatively honorary post. A man who is past seventy, and who has had (allowing for intervals spent in Opposition) some forty years of laborious official responsibility, may, with a special object in view, make a vast effort, as during his recent Scottish campaigns, but may yet shrink from the drudgery of actual office. There is another difficulty with which the Liberal Cabinet-makers have to contend from which the Conservatives are usually free. Tories are almost all of the same kidney, whereas Liberals are of all complexions, from the delicate rose-pink of old Whiggery to the pronounced red of ultra-Radicalism. Nothing is better for a theorist than the practical work of office; there are some capital men among the Radical M.P.'s, and although, as yet, they may not be admitted to the charmed circle of the Cabinet, the Ministry will not be complete without representatives from their ranks.

M. DE FREYCINET'S CIRCULAR.—It cannot be said that the Circular which M. de Freycinet has addressed to the diplomatic representatives of France casts much fresh light on the general political situation. Most people who interest themselves in public affairs were already familiar with the course France had pursued in regard to the fulfilment of the Treaty of Berlin and in the treatment of questions relating to Egypt and Greece. Still, the absolutely pacific tone which pervades the Circular makes it a document of considerable importance, and has caused it to produce a good effect on European opinion. Within the last two or three years many rumours have been current, especially in Germany, respecting the warlike intentions of France. She has never ceased, since the great disaster of 1870, from reorganising her military system; and from time to time the Germans have professed to believe that she was on the point of forming an alliance with Russia for the purpose of making good her losses. M. de Freycinet, however, declares before all the world that his Government has no other immediate object than to maintain peace, and it is certain that in this declaration he is not only perfectly sincere, but truly represents the national feeling. It would, indeed, be foolish to suppose that France has for ever reconciled herself to the results of the great struggle in which she was so utterly humiliated. The much-talked-of "war of revenge" is not an idle phrase. The French are one of the proudest peoples in Europe, and there can be no reason to doubt that if a good opportunity offered itself they would attempt to regain their *prestige*, and to establish themselves once more in Alsace. But for some time no such opportunity is likely to occur. Russia would at present be a very untrustworthy ally, and Germany not only possesses overwhelming strength but appears to have secured the enduring goodwill of Austria. While this state of things lasts, France may be expected to take the foremost rank among those Powers which seek to prevent the outbreak of international disturbance.

MEDICAL RELIEF FOR WORKING PEOPLE.—Every one, whether lay or medical, who has looked into the subject is aware that it would be an advantage if a more independent spirit was manifested by the industrial classes generally with regard to medical and surgical aid. People who are cheerfully prepared to pay for their breakfasts and dinners expect to have their physics found them gratis. And, in the majority of cases, they are not disappointed, because for centuries past benevolent persons, perceiving that ordinary working folk sickness is often accompanied by loss of wages, have endowed and supported public hospitals. These institutions, too, as is well known, subserve another important public function. As under their roofs patients suffering from a variety of

disorders are brought together, they form valuable training schools for the medical men of the future. But for some years past it has been felt that between the needy poor, for whom the hospital is the proper receptacle, and the well-to-do, who can afford to pay the usual professional fees, there is a large class, who now either with pain and difficulty manage to pay the doctor for his services, or more often swell the crowd of applicants in the out-patients' ward at the hospitals. The men of this class are often medically provided by club-membership, but their privileges do not extend to their wives and families. It is chiefly, therefore, for the sake of the latter that it is proposed to establish a Metropolitan Provident Medical Association, the members of which, on the co-operative mutual assurance principle, can obtain advantages similar to those procured by the rich. Something practical, we hope, may come of the proposal, which has been discussed at an influential meeting, but we should have preferred to see it started on ordinary joint-stock principles, whereas there is a suggestion that the moneys of ancient (and possibly misapplied) City charities should be diverted into its coffers. To make a scheme like this really feasible it should be started, not by philanthropists, but by doctors, as a commercial undertaking. The more highly-paid portion of the wage-earning classes, who are chiefly aimed at in the above proposal, would more readily subscribe if they could select their own doctor, and this could only be accomplished by getting all or nearly all the practitioners over a wide area to join in it. The total amount of their fees would perhaps be increased if they could persuade people generally to pay an annual insurance premium. Anglo-Indians are familiar with the plan, which is well suited to a climate where illness is frequent. In this country many people go from year's end to year's end without any greater medical expenditure than is involved in the pennorth's of salts, &c., at the druggist's, and they would grudge to pay for those families which are always ailing. There is no likelihood that, in any event, charitable dispensaries, hospitals, and hospital-patients treated gratis, will cease out of the land.

LORD BEACONSFIELD IN OPPOSITION.—It is curious that while all the newspapers in the United Kingdom have been discussing the future position of Mr. Gladstone, few of them have had anything to say about the new duties of Lord Beaconsfield. The first impression of a good many people when the Liberal victory became certain was that his party would no longer acknowledge his supremacy. For six years the Tories absolutely trusted him, and the result was that on an appeal to the nation they sustained a crushing defeat. It was thought that a considerable section of the party, reflecting on this fact, would come to the conclusion that it would be prudent to seek for a less enterprising leader. There is no sign that these anticipations are likely to be realised. Whatever may be the faults of the Tories, they have seldom been accused of a want of generosity; and it would be in the highest degree ungenerous even to seem to desert a chief who was so loyal to them in days of adversity, and who secured for them a tolerably long term of almost absolute power. Besides, Lord Beaconsfield is too great a man to be lightly set aside. His foreign policy may have been wise or the reverse, but it at any rate temporarily increased the influence of England, and made his name famous in every part of the civilised world. The state of his health may render it necessary for him to withdraw from public life, or greatly to diminish his activity; but if his strength permits, it is inevitable that he should still control the Conservatives. And it is by no means certain that he will be unable in any way to hamper his opponents. In the House of Lords he will be at the head of an overwhelming majority, and there can be no doubt that in all matters relating to foreign policy he will resist step by step every attempt to depart from the lines which he himself established.

DEMOLITION AND OVERCROWDING.—A meeting was held the other day at the Holborn Town Hall to protest against the inaction of the Board of Works, which has pulled down a number of houses in that neighbourhood, but has built up nothing in their place, so that there is more overcrowding than ever. The Metropolitan Board of Works is comparatively a new body—it has only been five-and-twenty years in existence—but it has been found so useful in a town governed in such an anomalous hap-hazard manner as London is (using the word "London" in its widest sense), that all sorts of duties have been heaped upon its back, and now, like other willing horses, it is overworked. We hope that the new Government will (if possible during what Mr. Lowe styles the "golden" period of their tenure of office) effectually attack the problem of municipal government for the metropolis. Whether the existing Corporation should be expanded so as to stretch over modern London, or whether separate municipalities should be created, is too serious a matter to be discussed here, but any change that would stimulate the languid municipal spirit of Londoners would be an advantage. At the same time it will be well to consider whether the permissive character of the Artisans' Dwellings Act should not be exchanged for provisions of greater stringency. There will always be in a great city a population who are too poor to travel to and from the suburbs, and whose avocations bind them to the central districts. If demolition and rebuilding were comprehensively and systematically managed, wholesome dwellings might be provided for such persons, at the same

time leaving space for factories and other buildings for the erection of which there is always a demand when old houses are cleared away.

"HANDS OFF."—This phrase is likely to become historical as the expression of Mr. Gladstone's policy with respect to South-Eastern Europe. His firm intention seems to be to prevent Austria from extending her power in these regions, and to encourage the establishment of a free Confederation of small States which shall take the place of the Turkish Empire. The ideal is in some respects an attractive one, but unfortunately, like a good many other ideals, it has very little relation to facts. In the first place, it has to be proved that the Balkan States are capable of forming a free Confederation. They have no experience of political life, and their feelings for each other are anything but those of brotherhood. All over the Balkan Peninsula there are deep antipathies of race, and these antipathies are intensified by profound religious hostility. Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Roumanians, Montenegrins, Albanians, regard one another with jealousy and suspicion; and there is not one of these nationalities which does not believe that its mission is to dominate all the rest. But even if this obstacle were overcome, are we to suppose that Russia would content herself with quietly looking on and rejoicing in the progress of humanity and liberty? It may be so; but we venture to say that there is no one out of England who imagines that this is the part she would play. Continental Liberals least of all have faith in the good intentions of Russia. Their belief is that the supreme aim of her policy is to reach Constantinople, and that she would attempt to gain her end by incessantly playing off the members of the proposed Confederation against one another. So firmly settled is this conviction in the minds of the leading Austrian politicians that any serious effort on the part of Mr. Gladstone to realise his pet scheme would unquestionably lead to war. It may, therefore, be doubted whether his plan is so humane as it is supposed to be by some of the more ardent of his supporters.

STOWAWAYS.—Those of our readers who have taken a trip to countries whither emigrants resort, have possibly seen stowaways in the flesh, or rather, we may say, in the skin and bone, for they are rarely too well nourished. Within a few days after the ship has sailed, one or more miserable creatures appear on deck for whom no passage money has been paid. They have either been detected in their hiding-place by the vigilant eye of the boatswain, or have been compelled to betray themselves by stress of hunger. The captain cannot heave them overboard—though an inhuman skipper near Newfoundland did once set some of these unfortunates adrift on a passing iceberg—and as they are seldom much good as sailors, even if the crew is short-handed, they are set to do dirty and disagreeable work in return for the rations with which they are grudgingly supplied. Sometimes they are detected before the ship leaves port, in which case they are incontinentally sent on shore, but as often as not they escape detection till she has got to sea. A rather remarkable case of stowawayism was reported the other day, when three young men were charged before the magistrate at the Thames Police Court with obtaining passages for nothing on board the *Warwick Castle* from Cape Town. If their story be true, they deserve commiseration, for they asserted that they went out by agreement with a firm in Cape Town, who on arrival refused to have anything to do with them, and that they could get no other employment. This last statement would be improbable in Canada or Australia, but in South Africa, where almost all the laborious work is done by blacks or Malays, it is quite possible that Europeans unacquainted with any skilled handicraft might find it difficult to obtain remunerative work. Altogether, the story deserves further investigation, although at present the matter has been settled by these poor wretches paying for their ocean-trip (unless some kind friend advanced the fine of 5*l.* apiece) with fourteen days on the treadmill.

OVERWORK AT SCHOOL.—An interesting correspondence has been going on in *The Times* this week as to the effect of modern systems of education on physical health. The subject is not, perhaps, less important than some of the political questions about which parties are violently contending, and it is to be hoped the discussion will lead to good practical results. So far as the higher class of schools for boys is concerned, there seems to be no reason to stand in dread of excessive study. The pupils are, as a rule, well looked after, and have plenty of exercise and good food; and only a very small minority among them have the slightest inclination to overwork themselves. It is in schools for girls and in elementary schools that there is danger of excessive application. A large proportion of the children who attend Board Schools are ill clad and very inadequately fed, and at home they often breathe a polluted atmosphere. Such children are utterly unfit for severe intellectual labour, yet it is the interest of the schoolmaster to push them on as fast as possible, and if they display the least aptitude for learning they are made to work hard night and day. Who can wonder that many of them succumb under so severe a discipline? The root of the evil is evidently the system of paying by results. While this is maintained, at least in its present form, we shall hear more and more complaints of ill health from educational work; and we shall not have the consolation of knowing

that if the bodies of the young are being injured their minds are being trained. If anything about education has been absolutely established, it is that no real training can be derived from cram. The mind can be developed only in accordance with the laws of its growth; and these laws require that its progress should be achieved without violent and hasty effort. As for girls' schools, one of their main defects seems to be that most of the pupils receive insufficient attention before entering them, and make up for lost time by over-exertion. Even girls to whom this does not apply have to submit to too severe a strain, and are not sufficiently encouraged to take healthy exercise. If the results are as mischievous as might be anticipated, parents have no right to blame the teacher; they are themselves bound to see that the methods of education are not in conflict with common sense.

NOTICE.—This week THE GRAPHIC consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which contains a specially-written BIOGRAPHY OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, with Illustrations. In a portion of our Issue an error occurs in the GLADSTONE SUPPLEMENT. Line 13, page 434, the words "they cannot admire the man," should be "they cannot but admire the man," the word but having been omitted by a mistake of the printer.



LYCEUM.—MERCHANT OF VENICE (166th Time) Every Evening, at 8.15. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances Saturdays, April 24 and May 1 and 8, at 2 o'clock. Box-office open to 5.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN, Proprietor and Manager.—THE DANITES, Joaquin Miller's famous American play, descriptive of life in the Far West, as depicted by Bret Harte. In order that the peculiar dialect and manner should be accurately given, the characters will be represented by the same company of American artists who have—under the management of Mr. McKee Rankin—performed them in all the chief cities of the United States for the past three years. Sandy McGee (a Miner), Mr. Rankin; Messrs. W. E. Sheridan, G. Waldron, M. Lingham, E. Holland, L. Harris, J. Peakes, H. Lee, J. Richardson, and Harry Hawk; Mrs. McKee Rankin, Misses Cora Tanner, J. Waldron, and E. Marble. New scenery, depicting the mountain passes, rude log-huts, and grand trees of California, painted by Thomas W. Hall and Assistants.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45. GEORGE BARNWELL. Misses M. A. Bellamy, J. Summers; Messrs. F. Newbound, Towers, Reeve, Hyde, Herman. After which, every evening, ONLY MY COUSIN. Mrs. S. Lane; Messrs. Reynolds, Drayton, Bigwood. Succeeded by (Wednesday excepted) Madame Domi, C. Woodman, Bessie Bonehill, GEMMA. Misses B. Adams, Brewer, Newham; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Lewis, Evans, Charlton.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.—Every Evening, at 7. THE PIERROT'S DAY OUT, Mr. Frank Sims' Ballet Troupe. At 7.30, RUSSIA, by R. Reece and H. B. Farnie. Messrs. F. Gould, Dobell, Monkhouse, Symms, Parker, Glenn, Grant; Misses Marie Allen, Agnes Thomas, Jane Covey, M. A. Victor, Inch, &c. To conclude with THE DIVIDED HOUSE.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor: Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 28, ST. JAMES'S HALL, 8 o'clock. Doors open at half-past 7.—Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony; Concert Overture, No. 8, M.S. "A Recollection of the Past" (Charles E. Stephens), first time; Overture, "Les Abencerrages" (Cherubini); Concerto for Two Pianofortes (Mozart), Miss Anne Melhig and Mr. Walter Bach; Max Bruch's First Concerto for Violin. Violin, M. Emile Sautet. Vocalists: Miss Lillian Bailey and Herr Henschel. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 7s. 6d. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Usual Agents, and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' FASTER ENTERTAINMENT. ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. EVERY NIGHT AT 8. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at 3 and 8. New and luxurious fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d. No Fees.

DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION" with "CHRIST LEAVING THE TETRATORUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CABINET PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS M'LEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission (including Catalogue), 1s.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is now OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SON'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY NEXT, the 26th April. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, S.W. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY SUMMER EXHIBITION WILL OPEN SATURDAY, MAY 1. Admission, One Shilling.

SAVOY HOUSE.—GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS by the GREAT MASTERS. Also Specimens of Reproductions in Chromo-lithography and Colour Printing, from the Paintings of the English, French, German, and Continental Schools. Catalogues post-free on application to the Manager, at the Gallery, Savoy House, 115 and 116, Strand, London, W.C.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, at the SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY, Pall Mall East, from 9 to 6 daily. Admission, 1s. THOS. ROBERTS, Secretary.

MADAME DAX DALTON, the celebrated prima donna, from the principal theatres of Europe, has arrived in London for the season, and is open to SINGERS for private and public concerts, &c. For terms apply to the Manager of "La Posta di Londra," Furnival's Inn, London, who will undertake to engage by order also other celebrated opera singers and musical conductors.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES. Under Royal Patronage.—Best Entertainment in the World. Special Engagement of all the Star Artists. Every Evening at 8. Miss Nelly Power, Messrs. G. H. Macdonald, Arthur Roberts, The Brothers Dare, &c. Grand Ballet Divertissement from THE PERI OF PERU, at 9. M. Desjardins. Middle Alice Holt, Aguzzi, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet. Snowball Ballet at 10.15. Prices 6d. to 2s. 25.

CANTERBURY.—Every Evening, Great Success of the Grand Spectacular Snowball Ballet. Novel Effects. Received with immense applause. Arranged by M. Desjardins. Premiere Danseuse, Middle Ada, supported by Misses Broughton, Powell, M. Carlos, M. Bertram, and the Corps de Ballet.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. CASTLE BOTTICEM, by Arthur Law; music by Hamilton Clarke. After which ROTTEN ROW, a New Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with THREE PLAYS, by Arthur A. Beckett; music by Edouard Marjols. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at 8. Thursday and Saturday Afternoons at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and Brighton for Victoria at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., also from Victoria on Sundays at 10.45 a.m.; and from Brighton on Sundays at 10.30 p.m. EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s. First Class.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and Brighton at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train (4th Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NEXT SATURDAY, MAY 1, WE SHALL ISSUE, AS A GRATIS SUPPLEMENT, A LARGE AND COMPLETE LITHOGRAPHIC PARLIAMENTARY MAP OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, PRINTED IN THREE COLOURS. And indicating, also by colours, the politics of the Members returned both for the Counties and Boroughs, together with their Names and respective Votes polled, and showing at a glance the political complexion of the country. The Map will measure 33 inches by 24½ inches, and will be a reliable reference worthy of preservation. SIXPENCE; or by post, 8½d.

"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY OF BEAUTY.

Now open daily to the Public an Exhibition of FEMALE TYPES OF BEAUTY. painted expressly for the Proprietors of "THE GRAPHIC" by the following Artists among others: P. H. CALDERON, R.A. PHIL. MORRIS, A.R.A. FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A. MARCUS STONE, A.R.A. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. G. STOREY, A.R.A. A. HOPKINS, C. E. PERUGINI. G. D. LESLIE, R.A. ALMA TADEMA, R.A. E. LONG, A.R.A. J. J. TISSOT. AND "CHERRY RIPE," by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. A Collection of Black and White Drawings by the following Artists are also on view: HERKOMER, A.R.A. CHARLES GREEN. LUKE FILDES, A.R.A. J. CHARLTON. FRANK HOLL, A.R.A. E. J. GREGORY. W. SMALL, H. WOODS. MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, S. E. WALLER. The Exhibition also includes Water-Colour Drawings by: CHARLES GREEN, E. K. JOHNSON. R. CALDECOTT, SEYMOUR LUCAS. W. SMALL, W. L. THOMAS. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING. 14, GRAFTON STREET, One Door from 164, NEW BOND STREET.

NOTE.—As the proceeds will be given to a charitable fund for the benefit of Artists, no free invitations will be issued.

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THE RELIEF SQUADRON OFF THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND

THE officers and crews of the vessels composing the Relief Squadron had already been diligently engaged in distributing seed potatoes, and in visiting the numerous islands which stud the coasts of Mayo and Galway, when Rear-Admiral H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who was making his official tour round the coast inspecting coastguards, offered his services, which were gladly accepted. Since then, all the ships composing the Relief Squadron, viz., the gun vessel *Goshawk*, the despatch vessel *Lively* (carrying the flag of H.R.H.), the paddle frigate *Valorous*, and the gunboat *Brusier*, have been placed under his orders.

We are indebted for our sketches to an officer of the squadron. The first represents the vessels lying in Kilkerran Bay. The Duke of Edinburgh did a great deal of the visiting himself, and the next sketch shows him sitting down in one of the cottages interrogating the inmates, and distributing tickets which upon presentation on board the *Lively* were exchanged for blankets or articles of clothing. The last sketch shows H.R.H., who here appears in uniform, distributing the gifts above referred to.

In her last letter to the Lord Mayor of London, the Duchess of Marlborough says: "The reports of the local committees and of our inspectors leave no doubt of the combined existence of severe, though partial, distress, in many remote districts, and the want of clothing and bedding in many parts of the West of Ireland is the cause of the greatest suffering to a large portion of the population. I earnestly hope, therefore, that liberal subscriptions may still continue to come in."

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

See page 438.

A KANGAROO DRIVE IN AUSTRALIA

In some parts of the country kangaroos appear to increase more rapidly now than in the days when the continent was solely occupied by blackfellows. The balance of Nature is probably less equally preserved. The dingoes or wild dogs have been killed off by the settlers, and few blacks remain to pursue the kangaroos with their lances and boomerangs. Anyhow, these graceful pouch-bearing creatures are in some parts generated in such numbers as to become a serious nuisance to the squatters, who want the grass for their sheep. Accordingly, they have to resort to wholesale destruction.

Our engraving (which is from a sketch by Mr. H. Finlay) illustrates a kangaroo drive on the borders of New England, an elevated pastoral district in the northern part of New South Wales. Here, on the Gournema Run, 3,400 kangaroos were yarded and killed in four days' driving. Wings of saplings were erected eight feet high, extending half a mile in each direction from the entrance of a large cattle yard, into which the kangaroos were driven by horsemen, a hundred and fifty of whom formed a line four miles in length, and when within a mile of the yard closed in at a gallop. A most exciting scene took place during this hunt. At one time fully 3,000 kangaroos were being driven, when they turned, and with a rush that nothing could stop, the strongest and fastest made good their escape, only a few hundred being yarded on this occasion.

STATUE OF SIR WILLIAM GREGORY

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR WILLIAM HENRY GREGORY, K.C.M.G., P.C., was Governor of Ceylon from 1872 to 1877, and the statue represented in our engraving has been erected at Colombo

by the natives of the island as a mark of their appreciation of the beneficial character of his rule. The sum subscribed was 20,000 rupees (about 2,000*l.*) and the work was executed in London by Mr. Boehm, the well-known sculptor. The statue itself is of bronze, and the pedestal of polished granite, and it stands in front of the Colombo Museum, an institution founded by the late Governor. It was unveiled in December last by the present Governor of the island, Sir James Longden, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic assembly of spectators.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Skeen and Co., Colombo.

THE PATENT MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.

A FEW weeks ago we gave an illustration of a few curiosities of the London Patent Museum, and called attention to the very poor quarters which, for many years past, have been assigned to one of the most interesting and useful collections in England. They manage these things at least better across the Atlantic, and instead of objects being piled in a heterogeneous fashion in a single room, without any attempt at order, models of all inventions are carefully classified and exhibited in a spacious building at Washington. This has been reconstructed and improved, and the models will be placed in the galleries represented in our illustration. As the objects on exhibition require close inspection, great attention has been paid to the lighting, while alcoves are arranged on the main floor for the transmission of light to the darker portions of the room. Both the building and cases are fireproof; precautions are taken, by means of ventilation, to obviate "sweating" by vapour; while ornamentation has not been neglected, the style of the interior of the building being essentially Renaissance, and the floors laid with tiles. The balustrades are of bronze, and the only wood throughout the hall is in the outside window sashes.

H.M.S. "ATALANTA"

THE *Atalanta* and the *Eurydice* were not sister ships, though nearly of the same size, the *Atalanta* being of 958 and the *Eurydice* of 921 tons displacement. The *Atalanta* was built at Pembroke in 1844, and, after service as a man-of-war, was used as a water police hulk in Portsmouth Harbour till 1877, when the police went into barracks. After the foundering of the *Eurydice* she was converted at Pembroke into a training ship, and to increase her stability her masts and some of her spars were shortened. After her first cruise to the West Indies, her weight of armament was reduced, additional ballast being given in compensation.

On the 7th November last the *Atalanta*, with 300 young seamen on board, sailed from Portsmouth for the West Indies on her third cruise of instruction, with orders to return home about April 4. In consequence of two cases of yellow fever occurring on board, Captain Stirling determined at once to proceed to Bermuda, where he arrived on January 29, and left on the 31st for England. The crew were then in good health.

No tidings of the *Atalanta* have been received since that date, and consequently, uneasiness has gradually changed to alarm, and alarm, it may be almost said, to despair, especially, as fierce gales prevailed in the Atlantic at that time, and as a fine iron steamer, the *Bay of Biscay*, homeward bound from Rangoon, has not been heard of since she was spoken near the same spot of the ocean where the *Atalanta* would probably have been. The gunboat *Avon* reports a vast quantity of wreckage floating round the Azores, thus attesting the severity of the weather in the Atlantic. Mr. Brassey's suggestion that in future vessels modelled after first-rate clippers of the mercantile marine should be built expressly for training purposes is well worth attention.

"AT TEA"

THE name of Mrs. Thrale (who afterwards offended her friends by becoming Mrs. Piozzi) will ever be inseparably linked with that of "the great lexicographer." Mr. Thrale was the famous brewer, his wife (Hester Salisbury before her marriage) was a lively clever little lady of Welsh extraction. Samuel Johnson first made their acquaintance in 1765, and was so pleased with his reception that he gradually became more and more intimate, until an apartment was appropriated to him, both in their house at Southwark, and in their villa at Streatham.

In our engraving (which is from the picture by Miss Beatrice Meyer) the Doctor, installed in the sofa corner, is preparing to criticise the poem which Goldsmith is reading. Mrs. Thrale is about to pour out his (perhaps) fifteenth cup of tea, while "little Burney" at his side is making enthusiastic mental notes for her memoirs. Next to her is seated the gay yet lettered Topham Beauclerc. Behind, the master of the house is standing with the latest arrival. Before them sits a "blue-stocking," and in front is Boswell impatient of all save the great oracle. The lady in the corner is meant for the beautiful Sophy Streatham who, records Miss Burney, could weep whenever she was asked to.

MARRIAGE OF THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA

THE young Maharaja Syajee Rao, Gaikwar of Baroda, who, it may be remembered, succeeded Mulharao on his deposition in 1875 for having attempted to poison Colonel Phayre, was married on January 6. The wedding was attended with great festivities, which lasted several days, and which comprised amusements for the populace as well as entertainments for the higher classes. Antelope hunts and banquets, nautes and illuminations, fireworks, and such gorgeous processions as can be only met with in the native States of India, were some of the chief features of the proceedings, and amongst them the grand procession of elephants and camels bearing the curious golden houses supposed, according to Mahratta custom, to represent the future dwelling places of the wedding couple. A Durbar was held by the British Resident on the 6th January, and the final religious ceremonies took place on the following day. These were celebrated in the Naza Paga, in a huge stable, according to Mahratta custom. An eye-witness, writing in the *Times of India*, thus describes the scene:—"When I entered the stable, I found a dense crowd, through which I elbowed my way, and at last found myself quite near the Maharaja and his bride, who were seated on the ground surrounded by Brahmins of high rank, one of whom was reading something in a monotonous tone of voice, which I fancy must have been an injunction to wives. The bride was bowed, and apparently overcome with emotion, and the bridegroom was thoughtful and silent. Meanwhile the mystic thread, which binds them irrevocably together, was wound round and round, and I left the place with an impression that I never had seen a more beautiful or a more imposing ceremony." As usual on all festive occasions, there were "wild beast" fights in the arena, and elephants were pitted against elephants, and rhinoceroses attempted to gore each other. At least they were supposed to do so; but as in 1876, when the Prince of Wales visited Baroda, the animals were far too good-tempered and tame to be disposed to fight, and had to be goaded into action by fireworks and spear-prods by their native attendants, and occasionally turned round and attacked their persecutors instead of each other.—We are indebted for the photographs from which our illustrations are engraved to Mr. M. Fischer, Photographic Parisienne, Bombay.

"LORD BRACKENBURY"

A NEW NOVEL by Miss Amelia B. Edwards is continued on page 421.

NOTE.—In our review last week of Stone's "Cradlelands of Arts and Creeds" (S. Low and Co.), the following passage occurs: "In 1875, a temple was built at Allahabad, close to the Bible Society's Depot." For "Allahabad," please read "Bombay."



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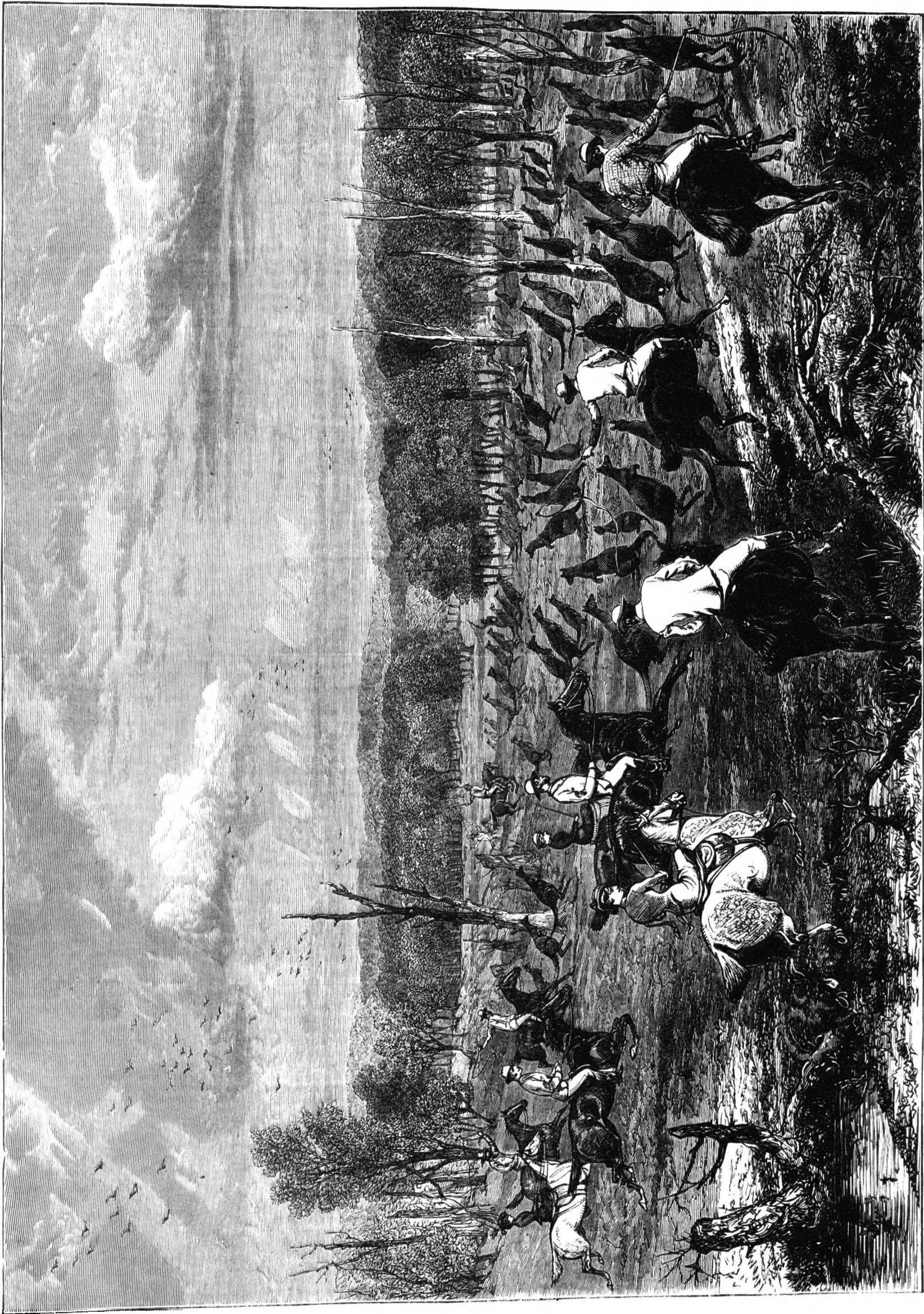
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A KANGAROO HUNT IN AUSTRALIA—"DRIVING"



THE POLITICAL SITUATION.—The Queen returned from the Continent on Saturday, and the Earl of Beaconsfield went to Windsor and had an audience with Her Majesty on Sunday, and on Monday returned to town. On Tuesday Her Majesty held a Council, at which Sir H. Ponsonby, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Mr. Beresford Hope, and Mr. Robert Bourke were sworn in members of the Privy Council; Lord John Manners, the Home Secretary, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir Stephen Cave were invested with the Grand Cross of the Star of India; Lord Cranbrook received the Grand Cross of the Star of the Bath; Mr. Tilley and Mr. A. F. O. Liddell were appointed Knights Commanders of the Bath; and Mr. T. J. Nelson (the City Solicitor), Captain Bruce, R.N., Admiralty Superintendent at Dover, and Mr. A. Borthwick received the honour of knighthood. Lord Beaconsfield himself remained in town, but next day (Wednesday) after a Cabinet Council had been held in Downing-street, he paid another visit to Windsor, accompanied by Mr. Montagu Corry (his private secretary), upon whom Her Majesty conferred a peerage, with the title of Baron Rowston, of Rowston Castle, Salop. At the time we write the resignation of Lord Beaconsfield is not yet announced, but before these pages are in the hands of our readers Her Majesty will perhaps have sent for one or other of the Liberal leaders, and something may possibly be known of the constitution of the new Cabinet.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT is now complete, excepting the representatives of Orkney and Shetland, Leics, Mayo, and Meath. The returns now show 352 Liberals, 237 Conservatives, and 62 Home Rulers, which makes the Liberal majority 53 over the Conservatives and Home Rulers combined. The total number of Conservative votes recorded is 1,412,956, and of Liberal votes 1,877,290. The Liberal majorities averaged 630 votes, whilst those of the Conservatives averaged 138. In one case (South Norfolk) the Liberal candidate owes his seat to one vote only. Five members of the Government lost their seats—namely, Mr. Lowther, Mr. Salt, Lord Yarmouth, Sir Graham Montgomery, and Mr. A. Egerton; Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington were returned for two constituencies, and Mr. Parnell for three; and fifteen members gave up one seat for another. The Irish members may be divided into five sections, Conservatives, Liberals, Home Rulers, Parnellites, and Repealers, the last-named consisting of Mr. P. J. Smith and Mr. Daly only.

THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVE PEERS.—On Thursday last week the Peers of Scotland met at Holyrood Palace, and elected sixteen of their number to sit in the House of Lords. The Earl of Glasgow, Lord Clerk Register, presided, and only twenty-six Peers were present, but a large number voted by signed list. The following noblemen were elected:—Earl of Mar and Kellie 53, Earl of Morton 52, Earl of Strathmore 51, Earl of Haddington 53, Earl of Airlie 53, Earl of Leven and Melville 45, Earl of Selkirk 54, Earl of Dundonald 51, Viscount Strathallan 53, Lord Forbes 52, Lord Saltoun 52, Lord Elphinstone 54, Lord Borthwick 44, Lord Blantyre 42, Lord Colville 52, Lord Balfour 52. A protest was handed in against the Earl of Kellie appearing and voting as the Earl of Mar; and the Marquis of Queensberry endeavoured to make out that they had not to elect sixteen Peers, but only to fill up the vacancies in the list of sixteen in the late Parliament caused by death or withdrawal. He declared that if he were rejected he would attribute it to the spirit which had been excited against him by the declaration of his scepticism in religious matters, the same spirit which had lighted the martyr fires of Smithfield.

MINOR POLITICAL ITEMS.—Several disappointed candidates have determined to petition against the return of their successful rivals on the various grounds of bribery, personation, and treating. The Marquis of Hertford, writing to an election agent, owns that he is grievously disappointed at the expulsion of his son, Lord Yarmouth, from Parliament, but thinks that, after all, it is only what is being felt by so many thoughtful persons who are grieving over the insanity which seems to have come over several of the hitherto Conservative constituencies of England and Scotland. Mr. Bradlaugh's election for Northampton has excited a feeling akin to horror in the minds of some ultra-religious persons. The Vicar of the parish has declined to attend the usual meeting of the local Band of Hope Union, because the Nonconformists of the town have "identified themselves with atheism;" and even Mr. Samuel Morley, who, while the election was pending, telegraphed to the Liberals, to "sink all minor and personal differences, in order to prevent the return of even one Conservative," has since published a letter attempting to palliate his conduct by pleading that the message was sent in the "hurry of the moment." Mr. Spurgeon—who, by the way, has been falsely accused of saying that he "would vote for the Devil if he were a Liberal" regards the matter from a sensible point of view. He thinks that "men of all creeds, and of no creed, have a right to be represented in Parliament, if they are intelligent and numerous enough to return a member."—The Conservatives of Southwark have presented a silver candelabrum to Mr. E. Clarke, Q.C., the late member for the borough, and one of the defeated candidates at the election just over, in recognition of his "manly, English, fearless, and independent conduct during the contest."—Dr. Kenealy has not long survived his defeat at Stoke-on-Trent. His death, which occurred on Friday last, resulted from an abscess in his foot, mortification having set in. His connection with the Tichborne case, his disbarment, and his subsequent leadership of the Magna Charta Association, will be fresh in the memory of all. He is described in "Debrett" as "chief of the Clan O'Kenealy, and twentieth lineal descendant from Edward the Third of England."

THE TAY BRIDGE INQUIRY was resumed at Westminster on Monday, before Mr. Rothery, Q.C., Wreck Commissioner; Colonel Yolland, Railway Inspector; and Mr. Barlow, President of the Institute of Civil Engineers; and has been continued during the week. Some items of the evidence are sufficiently alarming. One witness, in telling of the various qualities of iron, said that there was ordinary, good, best, best best, and even something better than this last. The iron used for the bolts and nuts was inferior, and Messrs. Jacques and Co.'s manager (one Joseph Preston, since dead), was bribed to keep it; another witness, who was a bricklayer, and had no engineering skill, said that he was employed to inspect the bed of the river, and that as it was no one's duty to inspect the ironwork of the bridge, he did so voluntarily. He heard a "chattering" in the piers, and found some of the "coilers" which should keep the bracings tight insecure. Mr. Law, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, who has thrice inspected the bridge, reported various defects, bolt-holes larger than the bolts which should have filled them, stones 15 inches thick which, according to the specification, should have been 2 ft. 6 in., and other technical matters, which seriously endangered the stability of the bridge.

PROVIDENT DISPENSARIES.—On Saturday at the Cannon Street Hotel delegates from the Friendly Societies and representatives of the Metropolitan Hospitals met to consider the scheme recommended by a Provisional Committee appointed nearly a year ago. It is proposed to form a "Metropolitan Provident Medical Association," with branch establishments in various parts of London, and

to invite persons of all classes, intermediate between those who can afford to pay ordinary professional fees and paupers whose medical treatment is provided for under the Poor Law to become members on a co-operative mutual assurance principle, whereby they could obtain advantages similar to those possessed by the rich.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.—We are glad to see that some effort is about to be made to obtain the abolition of the ridiculously absurd restrictions under which the public are admitted to view the Tower and its contents on the so-called "free days," when, after waiting *en queue* in the open air for an hour or so, the visitors are admitted in batches, only to be hurried through the building at a pace which makes anything like intelligent examination of the relics absolutely impossible. Surely the arrangements which work so well at the British Museum and the National Gallery might with perfect safety be adopted at the Tower.

THE NATIONAL LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION has just issued its annual report, from which it appears that during the past year twelve new life-boats have been placed upon our coasts (another has just been added at Brightstone, Isle of Wight, the gift of the cadets in training on board H.M.S. *Worcester*). The boats of the Institution, manned by the pick of our beach-men, last year rescued 637 persons from wrecked or imperilled vessels, whilst 218 more were saved by shore boats or other means.

THE EXPLOSION AT SILVERTOWN.—On Sunday the funerals of the men killed by the recent explosion at Silvertown took place, some of the bodies being interred at North Woolwich and others at Ilford. On Monday the inquest was held, and a verdict returned to the effect that the accident resulted from the blocking up of the "worm" in the condenser of the still, of which Mark Warner (one of the killed) had charge. The jury added a rider expressing an opinion that some automatic system might be devised to prevent the recurrence of such a lamentable accident, and suggesting that the matter should be made the subject of special inquiry by the proper authorities.

FIRES IN LONDON.—There have been several great fires in London during the past week. The one which took place on Friday last at the Civil Service Co-operative Stores seems to have originated in the ignition from the light of a naked taper of some spirits contained in a bottle which was broken by a careless cellarman. The building itself, being fire-proof, is but little injured, and the stock is not so much damaged by the fire as by the water used to extinguish it. On Saturday evening a large fire took place in Holborn, and some difficulty was experienced in rescuing the occupants of the houses in which it occurred. On Monday the old Clerkenwell Workhouse and some adjacent buildings were imperilled by a "street fire," some mischievous boys having set light to a quantity of paraffin oil which had been spilled in the roadway by the bursting of some casks owing to their being jolted off a waggon. On Wednesday a fatal fire occurred in a house near the Euston Road. The occupants were all rescued, though with much difficulty, but scarcely had this been done when the front of the house fell in, and a fireman named Patrick Fitzgerald was buried in the debris. He was extricated in about ten minutes, but died immediately afterwards.



MR. HOLLINGSHEAD'S notion of inviting the public to witness the representation of certain neglected dramas which bygone generations of playgoers were accustomed to regard with great favour, is probably without any parallel in the history of the stage. Practically, what he says to his patrons is, "Come to my theatre on certain afternoons, and I will undertake not to amuse but to weary you—not to show you what I believe to be worth seeing, but, on the contrary, what I am convinced to be unworthy of the attention of any sensible person." His motive for this is rather indicated than declared; but from certain sarcastic references to the "palmy days" of the British drama, when in the supposed interests of dramatic literature and the histrionic art, the privilege of performing regular plays was confined to the patent houses, it is easy to perceive that the true object is to afford a practical refutation of the theories of inveterate praises of past theatrical times. The first of these curious experiments has been devoted to Lillo's *George Barnwell*, which, from its first production under the title of *The London Merchant* at Drury Lane Theatre in 1731 down to a period within the memory of living persons, was a very popular piece, no less important performers than Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble having appeared in its leading characters. The audience assembled at the Gaiety on Wednesday afternoon had, therefore, an opportunity of seeing an unquestionable success of "the palmy days," and we may add that the result must have convinced them that there was something wrong about the standards of excellence in dramatic literature recognised by our forefathers. Mr. Hollingshead's company, recruited for the occasion, is not exactly a strong one; though the lady who represents Milwood is certainly not wanting in power or good training. When all allowances are made, however, the play must be allowed to be a dull and shallow piece of work. It sets forth the wicked conduct of an apprentice in murdering his uncle for the sake of ministering to the pleasures of a profligate mistress; but the constructive art is of the rudest kind. Some notion of the puerile character of the construction may be gathered from the circumstance that, although the middle of the third act is reached before the murder takes place, nothing is seen of the uncle till that moment. He simply comes on, in fact, to soliloquise in absurdly bombastic fashion, and is thereupon quickly despatched. Nothing, moreover, comes of the deed except the execution of the misguided apprentice, after a last dying speech and confession of the approved pattern. *George Barnwell* is to be repeated on Wednesday afternoon next, and is to be followed by Matthew Lewis's *Castle Spectre*, which in the early years of the present century seems to have yielded unbounded delight. A cursory but sufficient examination of this piece justifies us in predicting that it will be found equally unworthy of the reputation it once enjoyed. If these representations should assist in dispelling a popular delusion regarding the supposed degeneration of the drama in recent times, it may be said to have done a service; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Hollingshead will not persist in proving his case after ample demonstration. It is not the function of the Gaiety Theatre to depress the spirits of playgoers by resuscitating these now long dead and buried productions.

Romeo and Juliet has been revived at SADLER'S WELLS for a few nights. Miss Isabel Bateman's acting as Juliet was full of simple grace and tenderness, nor were passion and power wanting when required. The Romeo was Mr. Clifford Harrison, and Mr. W. H. Vernon as Mercutio was admirable. Mr. G. H. Coveney as the Friar, and Mrs. Huntley as the Nurse, both acted with intelligence and care. On the whole, the representation is very successful, and was much appreciated by a good house. On Monday, the 26th inst., Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin and an American company will appear for the first time in this country in Mr. Joaquin Miller's play, *The Danties*, the scene of which is laid in the Far West of America.

Mr. Boucicault reappears this evening at the ADELPHI Theatre in his own drama of *The Shaughraun*, after an absence from England of some years.—A new extravaganza, entitled *Cupid; or, Two Strings to a Beau*, will be produced at the ROYALTY on Monday.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The return of Madame Allani was welcomed, as had been anticipated, by a crowded and brilliant audience. Saturday at the Royal Italian Opera indeed was a gala night, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales assisted, to all appearance as much interested as the occupants of any other than the Royal box. The reception given to the fair Canadian, whose maiden style was "Emma Lajeunesse," and who, within the brief period of some few years, has by the tones of her voice charmed the ear, and by her prepossessing demeanour won the heart, of the great London operatic public, was so warm and significant that she was fairly overcome, and it was not till after the opening recitative that her most enthusiastic admirers could believe that the Albani of their brightest recollections was before them. The excitement natural in such circumstances, was, however, quickly subdued, and from the cavatina to the duet with Edgardo, upon which the curtain falls at the end of Act I., all passed off as could be wished. Albani was with us once again—and all herself. In the following act, which includes two of the most impressive scenes, she was, if the phrase may be allowed, *more* than herself. The impressive duet with Enrico, in which the designing brother (personated, as for many bygone years, by Signor Graziani) treacherously deals with his too credulous sister, through the medium of a forged letter, afforded unquestionable proof that a season's repose had not been spent in idleness. On the contrary, it showed that during the interval of her forced absence Madame Albani had not forgotten those who by their timely encouragement when, in plain truth, she was but feeling her way, had urged her on to renewed effort, thus, by praise discreetly administered, helping her nearer and nearer the goal to reach which must be the aim of every aspiring artist. Not only in this scene, but in the still more important one that follows—the scene of the contract, and the malediction of Edgardo—did Madame Albani emphatically declare herself both as actress and singer fit to take rank among the most prominent now on the lyric stage. The episode of the madness of Lucia, which, now that we have no longer a Rubini or a Mario for the dying utterances of Edgardo, becomes virtually the climax of the opera, was at least equal to what had gone before. But in this display of so-called "virtuosity" (which contains more beautiful music than Wagnerites *quand même* are disposed to admit, or than any one of them has yet shown the power to emulate) Madame Albani has been applauded so often and unreservedly that details would be superfluous. Enough that it created its never failing impression, and was a fitting climax to the evening's success. In consequence of the indisposition of Signor Engel, the promised new tenor, Signor Carpi undertook the part of Edgardo. On Tuesday Madame Albani appeared as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, fully sustaining the honours she has legitimately earned as representative of this, perhaps the most interesting of Verdi's heroines—in the final scene more particularly giving additional evidence of the increased dramatic power already noted. The Rigoletto was Signor Graziani—intensely earnest and superbly grotesque as usual; Madame Scalchi was the Maddalena; Signor Carpi the Duke; and Signor Silvestri an excellent Sparafucile—who would be even more acceptable if he could persuade Madame Scalchi not to sing so loudly while the profligate Duke is supposed to be sleeping immediately overhead, himself set the example, and induce Signor Vianesi to make his orchestra follow suit. As now presented the situation is a plain absurdity. The *Favorita* has been given with Mdlle. Pasqua, the Leonora of last year, Señor Gayarre as Fernando, and Signor Graziani as the King; the *Trophié*, with Madame Scalchi as Fides, was announced for Thursday; and for to-night we are promised *Faust e Margherita*, with Madame Albani as the fate-struck heroine.

WAGNER AND "LOHENGRIN" IN ITALY.—It appears from the Italian papers, that, in spite of Wagner's condescending letter to the Syndic at Rome, the reception of the deputation sent to Naples for the purpose of inviting his attendance at a grand performance of *Lohengrin* was anything rather than courteous. Wagner himself being indisposed, the members of the deputation were received by Madame Cosima, his wife, who informed them that *Lohengrin* having been known to the world of art some thirty years there had been opportunities enough for its performance at Rome; that the time was now past; and that, consequently, "the master" was compelled politely to decline the honour proposed. Wagner's own letter (a translation of which was published in the *Musical World* of the 17th inst.) is conceived and expressed in very different terms. That the Roman Syndicate, and Italians in general, are deeply hurt may readily be understood.

CONCERTS.—There have been several concerts to speak of since our last notice of which, however, limited space compels us to reserve for next impression.

AN OLD FAVOURITE.—Madame Pauline Lucca's return to Berlin, after eight years absence, has been nothing short of a fête for opera goers in the Prussian capital. On the first night, when she was announced to appear as Carmen, the receipts, if we may believe the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*, realised not far from 2,500l. There had been 4,765 applications for places; but, as only 1,054 were at disposal of the management, no fewer than 3,710 applicants were inevitably disappointed. Fabulous prices were paid by those who succeeded in obtaining admission. Madame Lucca's second character was Frau Fluth (Mrs. Ford), in Otto Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*, which excited quite as much enthusiasm as her Carmen. Rarely, according to all accounts, has there been a more striking exemplification of the "Prodigal's Return." The good Berliners are proverbially faithful to their old loves; and never perhaps was there a more universal favourite among them than "unsere Pauline," as in earlier days Fräulein Lucca used, with affectionate familiarity, to be styled.

WAIFS.—Signor Vianesi having resumed his post at the head of the Royal Italian Opera, his colleague, Signor Bevilacqua, remains in Paris to direct the Patti performances at the Vaudeville. What was said in last week's *Graphic* about the appointment of Herr Max Bruck as new conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concerts finds an echo among the majority of the local papers, and notably in the *Liverpool Mail*, which in a recent impression published a strong and forcibly argued protest.—The "Wagnerian Cyclist" at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, is to begin to-morrow with *Rienzi*, Wagner's first Dresden opera. The series of performances will terminate with *Die Götterdämmerung*, last of the *Nibelungen* "Tetralogy."—Hans von Bülow goes on heroically throughout Bavaria with concerts in aid of the more than ever Utopian Wagner-Bayreuth Fund, towards which he has pledged himself to provide 40,000 marks.—Anton Rubinstein has been playing with his accustomed success at Moscow. As the new opera (*Nero*) of the celebrated pianist is not to be produced at Covent Garden, it is unlikely that he will honour us with a visit this season.—At the last concert in the Royal Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. Carter, *Israel Restored*, an oratorio by the late Dr. Bextfield, originally produced at the Norwich Festival of 1852, was performed for the first time in London. The first important effort of a young English musician, and not altogether without merit of a more or less solid kind, this oratorio was, at the same time, scarcely

worth the pains of reviving. Nor was the performance, although Misses Anna Williams and E. Cummings, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and R. Hilton were perfect in the leading vocal parts, one in any way calculated to impart the effect aimed at by the composer.—Mr. Carl Rosa's Company has been performing with great success at Birmingham. The local papers speak favourably of a *débutante*, Madame Talma (great name !) as Leonora in the *Trovatore*, and in the highest terms of Mr. Joseph Maas, our young and rising tenor, whose singing as Manrico seems to have won unanimous approval.—There is no foundation for the report that M. Vaucorbeil is about to present a French version of *Lohengrin* at the Grand Opéra. "Give us back Alsace and Lorraine," says the *Musicalist*, "and we may produce *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*." As well might Italy have said, "Give us back Nice and Savoy," before bringing out *Mignon* and *Carmen*.—In consequence of the late opening of Her Majesty's Theatre, Miss Minnie Hauk, who was to have appeared twice in Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew* at Mannheim, where that now popular work was originally produced, consented to prolong her engagement, in order to sing in *Carmen*, *Mignon*, and other operas.—According to the *New York Herald* (which publishes all the stipulations of the treaty) the New York Academy of Music has been let, rent-free, to Mr. Mapleson for five years, with the understanding that he is to give Italian Opera in a thoroughly efficient manner.—The musical event of last week was beyond all comparison the magnificent performance, by the Crystal Palace Orchestra, on Saturday, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, of Beethoven's colossal Symphony "No. 9" (the "Choral"). The last concert for the present season—"the benefit of Mr. Manns" is announced for to-day, which will afford occasion for the promised brief retrospect of a more than usually interesting series.

PASTIME AND PROFIT FOR LADIES.—It is not generally known that there are at the present time as many or more slaves of the needle as when Tom Hood wrote his celebrated "Song of the Shirt." It is no longer, however, the "woman clad in unwomanly rags" who sews at once with a double thread a shroud as well as the article on which she exercises her industry. "Slop work" is now in the hands of a more genteel class of the community. It is an unfortunate fact that there are hundreds of well-bred and liberally educated women who from various causes are thrown almost, if not entirely, on their own resources, and who are willing to work at anything they are capable of, and that will bring them a few weekly shillings, provided they may do so in a strictly private manner, and so that every one, except, perhaps, their most intimate friends, may be unawares of it. As a rule such poor ladies can fine-sew or knit or net or do wool-work or bead-work or embroidery, and if one might believe the wily rascals who make these unworldly women their victims, there is an almost boundless as well as a lucrative field for all such accomplishments. There is scarcely a popular newspaper but any day may be found in its advertising columns traps cunningly baited to catch the unwary. "Pastime and Profit for Ladies.—The advertiser having an extensive order for bead-work of every kind, offers the same to those ladies who feel disposed to utilise their leisure hours. No previous knowledge necessary, as a few easy lessons will enable any one to do the work. Ladies who are proficient can earn from half-a-guinea to fifteen shillings a week. Applique," &c. If it is not bead-work, it is Berlin wool-work, or crochets, or embroidery. It does not matter, however, what the particular branch may be; the innocent applicant invariably discovers, however much she may know as regards the kind of work she is anxious for, she requires some further tuition; and the "few easy lessons" involve, say a month's unpaid apprenticeship, with a premium of a guinea. But—still taking the rascally middleman's word for it—after that, with quite ordinary quickness and cleverness, half-a-crown a day may be earned. It may be hard, indeed, to obtain the precious guinea; but then the after benefit! The work can be done at home, and only a mere little parcel that may be bestowed in a hand-bag to carry to and fro! The sacrifice is made, the month served, the money paid. Then off comes the middleman's mask. He never met with any one who was so slow. There are ladies who can do five times as much in the time. That is how they earn fifteen shillings a week. It is for you to consider if it is worth your while to keep on. And the end of it is that the poor souls find themselves working in secrecy and seclusion harder than "factory hands," and often late into the night, for earnings a factory girl would scorn.

THE GAME AND THE CANDLE. —The Duke of Northumberland, who recently occupied the chair at the eleventh annual meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, took occasion to remark that in no case should charity be bestowed without inquiry into the circumstances of the person who sought it. Sound as such advice may be, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to adopt it undeviatingly. Take for example the members of the large army of house-to-house and street mendicants, who favour the principle that "every mickle help's a muckle," and are content to collect public subscriptions for their maintenance in shape of mere pence and halfpence. That thousands of pounds are given away annually in this direction there can be but little doubt, since the number of professional rascals who depend on no other source for a livelihood may be reckoned by hundreds, and that within the limits of the metropolis alone. And the street-beggar's trade will never be any other than brisk and prosperous while he thinks it worth his while to brave all the hardships and inconveniences that are inseparable from a successful pursuit of cadger-craft. The scheme of existence with such folk is not all imposture. Though they may make believe to have no option but to go shoeless and hatless and tattered as scarecrows, they find no convenient confederate in the east wind. They are human creatures, after all is said and done, and as such may not with impunity set at defiance the deadly effects of cold. The inveterate vagabond may be callous and ruffianly, and utterly lost to all sense of shame and decency, but his bodily frailties are of the one old fashion, and his contempt for the proprieties will not make his hide invulnerable to rheumatic attacks, or save him from conceiving the seeds of consumption, should he habitually go about with his rags saturated with rain. From this point of view the most justly despised of the beggar tribe endures more and risks more for his gains than the industrious labourer. Apart from the ignominy, take an ordinary working man who earns five shillings a day, and offer him ten to do, day after day, as the street cadger does. Make it winter time, and bid him—the honest labourer—divest himself of boots, jacket, and cap, and take to the middle of the roadways, slowly perambulate one street and another, through mire or the slush of half-melted snow for, say, six successive hours daily for a month. As a feat to perform for a heavy wager, not one man, strange to the business, would dare attempt it, and if he did it would probably cost him his life.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has tried the electric light with great success, the lamps being placed in the hall containing Sir F. Leighton's new fresco. The Brush system is adopted, and the lamps will be used on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays till 10 P.M. During the spring and summer the electric lighting of the British Museum has been suspended, but the experiment is considered to have been perfectly successful.

THE BULLETS FIRED BY THE BRITISH AT ULUNDI have been put to a curious use by a soldier of the 60th Rifles, who was present at the action. He has converted the greater part of the missiles into an ingenious model fireplace, with fender and fireirons all complete, and which has been placed in the Natal Society's Museum.



"HARRINGTON'S FORTUNES," by Mr. Alfred Randall (Samuel Tinsley), is a novel which few will have the patience to wade through. It is quite possible that, self-exiled from his native land, the author may on the banks of Lake Michigan have met with people who converse in the stilted tones of those who are represented in this book, but we must confess to a feeling of unutterable weariness in perusing the drivelling platitudes of the hero, Reginald Harrington. Mr. Randall, in his first chapter, avers that he does not like "anything ever so remotely approaching a hackneyed style of writing;" we can only wish that his dislike had prompted him to avoid it. What can be more suggestive of hack literature than the following passage descriptive of the Dowager Countess of K—:—"An elderly yet distinguished-looking lady, upon whose aristocratically expressive features might yet be traced a lingering beauty—the latest flush of that departing period of feminine dominion which finally fades away like the roseate sunset of autumnal days, glorious and most lovely in their tranquil decline." The whole book abounds with passages of this description; those who admire the style may find it readable. Cynicism doubtless makes us unappreciative.

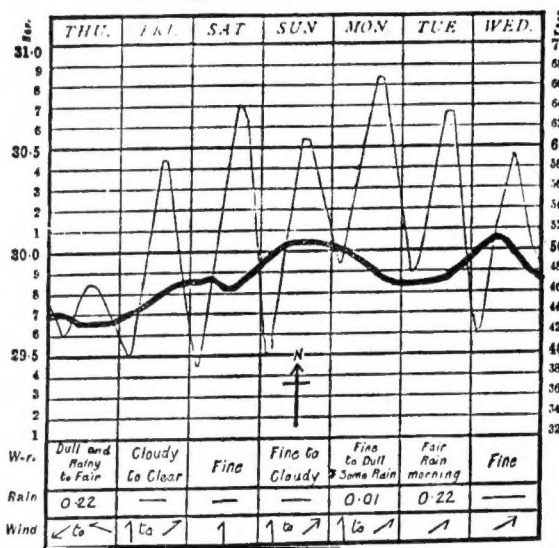
"The White Month," by the author of "Cartouche" (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—This is a most refreshing volume—a marvellously pleasing contrast to "Harrington's Fortunes." The author's descriptive powers are excellent, her diction pure and refined, her characters charmingly simple, in fact, the whole work is a decided success. It is very evident that the author has studied the French at home, and she has made much of her opportunities. There is nothing in the book to offend the most fastidious taste, and much to extort admiration. It is a pity that the author does not emerge from her anonymity.

In "A Dreamer," by Katherine Wylde (Blackwood and Sons), we have a prettily conceived, skillfully executed novel, couched in graceful language, and if at times certain scenes are painted in warm colours we should remember that life is not without its passions. Miss Wylde has evidently thought out her characters most carefully, and though all are strongly marked, they retain their individuality throughout. Some are by no means pleasing. Philip Temple, the "Dreamer," is a man, we should think, scarcely capable of inspiring a woman with passionate affection, yet he seems to have won the heart of the two best female characters in the book. Griselda is sweetly drawn, but we are sorry some better husband for her was not found. If we are right in assuming that this is a first attempt we must congratulate Miss Wylde on her maiden effort, and the novel-reading public on the accession to the ranks of their caterers of a well-bred lady who writes with taste, feeling, and much literary skill.

"Countess Daphne," by "Rita" (Sampson Low and Co.).—There seems to be an idea prevalent amongst a certain class of novelists that in order to please the world it is necessary a book should fill three volumes. There are few novels which could not with advantage be condensed, but authors are oblivious that brevity is the soul and padding the bane of novelists. To spin out a work is a sin, to add a series of novelettes on to a fairly readable work in order to fill up the regulation seven hundred pages is an emphatic crime. Yet in "Countess Daphne" "Rita," an old and experienced novelist, not content with having brought forth a weak copy of one of "Quida's" worst novels, a feeble imitation of "Puck," fills up her third volume with two very commonplace magazine stories. All must own that "Countess Daphne" is an undeniably clever book, and to lovers of the sensational we most cordially recommend it.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

APRIL 15 TO APRIL 21 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been finer than of late, but is still far from being settled. Several hours of bright sunshine have prevailed on most days, but there have been some rather long intervals of dull, cloudy weather, with occasional, and sometimes rather heavy, rain. Friday (16th inst.) was a fine day, with a light breeze from the south-east, and a temperature of 62° (19th inst.) on which an entire absence of rain was reported, and even on Monday (19th inst.) the amount was extremely slight. Temperature has varied a good deal. On Thursday (15th inst.), when easterly winds were still prevailing, the maximum was no higher than 47°, but as the wind has since shifted to the south and south-west, some much higher values have been recorded, the highest of all being that on Monday (19th inst.), when the thermometer in the shade went to 64°. Since that time the weather has been cooler, but the change has been due rather to the increased amount of cloud than to any shift of wind, south-westerly breezes still being the prevailing current. The barometric changes have been considerable, but the appearance of some rather deep depressions on our western coasts is now beginning to affect the mercury even in London, and a glance at the curve will show that the barometer is at present falling somewhat decidedly. The barometer was highest (30·08 inches) on Wednesday (21st inst.); lowest (29·66 inches) on Thursday (15th inst.); range, 0·42 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (67°) on Monday (19th inst.); lowest (39°) on Saturday (17th inst.); range, 32°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0·45 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0·22 inches, on Thursday and Tuesday (15th and 20th inst.).

A SHOWER OF IRON fell at Catania, in Sicily, on the night of March 29th. For several hours there was a constant fall of meteoric dust, accompanied by rain, and this dust contained fragments of iron either in a pure metallic state, or in metallic particles surrounded by an oxydised crust, the fragments being of all shapes and sizes, and being immediately attracted by the magnet. They only differed in size from a shower of acrolites.



A LIFE OF SIR LOUIS CAVAGNARI is being written by a native biographer, Baboo Kally Prosonno Dey.

THE BILL FOR THE EXHIBITION AT NEW YORK in 1883 has passed the House of Representatives, and has now only to receive the President's approval.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM intends to lend its Flemish tapestries for the coming Brussels National Exhibition, and a similar loan is promised by the King of Spain.

M. SARDOU, undeterred by the failure of his last effort to deal with the "burning questions" of the day in his *Daniel Rochat*, is now writing a piece on the subject of divorce.

DR. JOHNSON'S MEMORIAL in the Lichfield market place is stated by a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* to be in a most neglected condition. Broken pottery lies thick within the railings, and the statue and pedestal look as if pelted with mud.

THE PARIS SALON has this year received 8,000 contributions, and since Monday week the Hanging Committee have been engaged in examining those works which have no right of admission save the jury's decision—an operation generally known amongst rising young artists as "the Slaughter of the Innocents."

THE DRAWINGS OF THE LATE VIOLET-LE-DUC are now being exhibited at the Paris Cluny Museum. Some of the most interesting works are his plans for the restoration of Napoleon III.'s Castle of Pierrefonds, his unsuccessful designs for the Paris Grand Opera, and several spirited episodes of the Franco-Prussian War.

THE LARGEST SAPPHIRE IN THE WORLD is held by the Berlin Polytechnic Society. The gem weighs nearly 15 oz., and if it were of the first water would be worth 3,200,000*l*. Its owner has refused all offers of purchase, and constituted it an heirloom in his family, placing the jewel, however, in the custody of the State authorities.

THE ORIGINAL DISCOVERER OF THE CALIFORNIAN GOLD FIELDS is living in comparative poverty in a Moravian Colony in Pennsylvania. Johann Sutter, now seventy-nine years old, is Swiss by birth, and served first in the French army, then coming to America he settled in Missouri in 1834, and after various migrations finally went to California, where he discovered the first gold in 1846.

ELECTRIC SIGNALS FOR THE FIRE ENGINE has been introduced in America. A wire runs along the cotton or india-rubber part of the hose, and over this passes electricity generated by one of the engine's fly-wheels. Connected with the nozzle is a little contrivance by which the man who is playing water on the fire can tell the engineer, even though at a considerable distance, to turn the water on, cut it off, &c., by a signal struck on a gong on the engine.

A DRIVE FROM ROME TO NAPLES IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS with the same horses has been attempted by an Italian Count, to win a wager of 200*l*. Three of the horses were Hungarian, the other an Italian, and this last fell when within a few miles of its destination, the Count having then some two hours of time to spare, so that, failing the accident, he would have been the winner. Two other Italians have now made the attempt in their drags, while a certain Signor Filippi has engaged to ride from Velletri to Naples in twenty-two hours.

THE CROWN DIAMONDS OF FRANCE are not to be entirely lost to the country as was at first supposed, if the project to dispose of them should be carried out. The diamonds of any historical or great artistic value will be preserved intact in the *Galérie d'Apollon* of the Louvre: those stones presenting any particular mineralogical feature would be kept in the Natural History Museum, while those which are only remarkable for their monetary value would be sold, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of objects for the National Museums, the funds for which are much restricted.

BULLFINCHES IN THE GARDEN have long been looked upon as enemies, and Mr. Harrison Weir now tells of the damage done by a pair of these greedy birds to a greengage tree. The hen bird was shot, and in its crop were found fifty-three bloom-buds, without a trace of any insect. One year, according to the *Live-Stock Journal*, Mr. Weir let the bullfinches have full swing in his garden, and consequently he did not get two bushels of plums from over one hundred trees. Tits, on the contrary, he finds, kill parasites and leave the buds alone; but the chaffinches destroy wholesale the blooms of primroses and polyanthes.

A SPLENDID COLLECTION OF FRAGONARD'S PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS have been sold in Paris. Six hundred of the artist's works had been gathered together by the late M. Walferdin, an ardent admirer of the art of the eighteenth century, who lived until last January in the midst of pictures and scientific instruments, secluded in an old house in the Ile St. Louis. The paintings alone realised some 8,000/, the best prices being paid for two reduced copies of panels executed for Madame du Barry's Chateau de Luciennes, "The Bold Lover" and "The Surprise," which sold for 1,200/, and "The Happy Lovers," which brought 800/.

LONDON MORTALITY further decreased last week, and 1,519 deaths were registered, against 1,532 during the previous seven days, a decline of 13, being 186 below the average, and at the rate of 21·6 per 1,000. There were 9 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 4), 22 from measles (a decline of 4), 47 from scarlet fever (a decline of 2), 8 from diphtheria (a decrease of 3), 111 from whooping cough (an increase of 26), 16 from different forms of fever, and 11 from diarrhoea. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 348 (a decline of 17, and 58 below the average), of which 218 resulted from bronchitis, and 78 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths, 41 of which were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,656 births registered, against 2,965 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 63. The mean temperature was 46·4 deg., or 0·9 deg. below the average. There were 42·9 hours of registered bright sunshine, the sun being above the horizon during 96·2 hours.

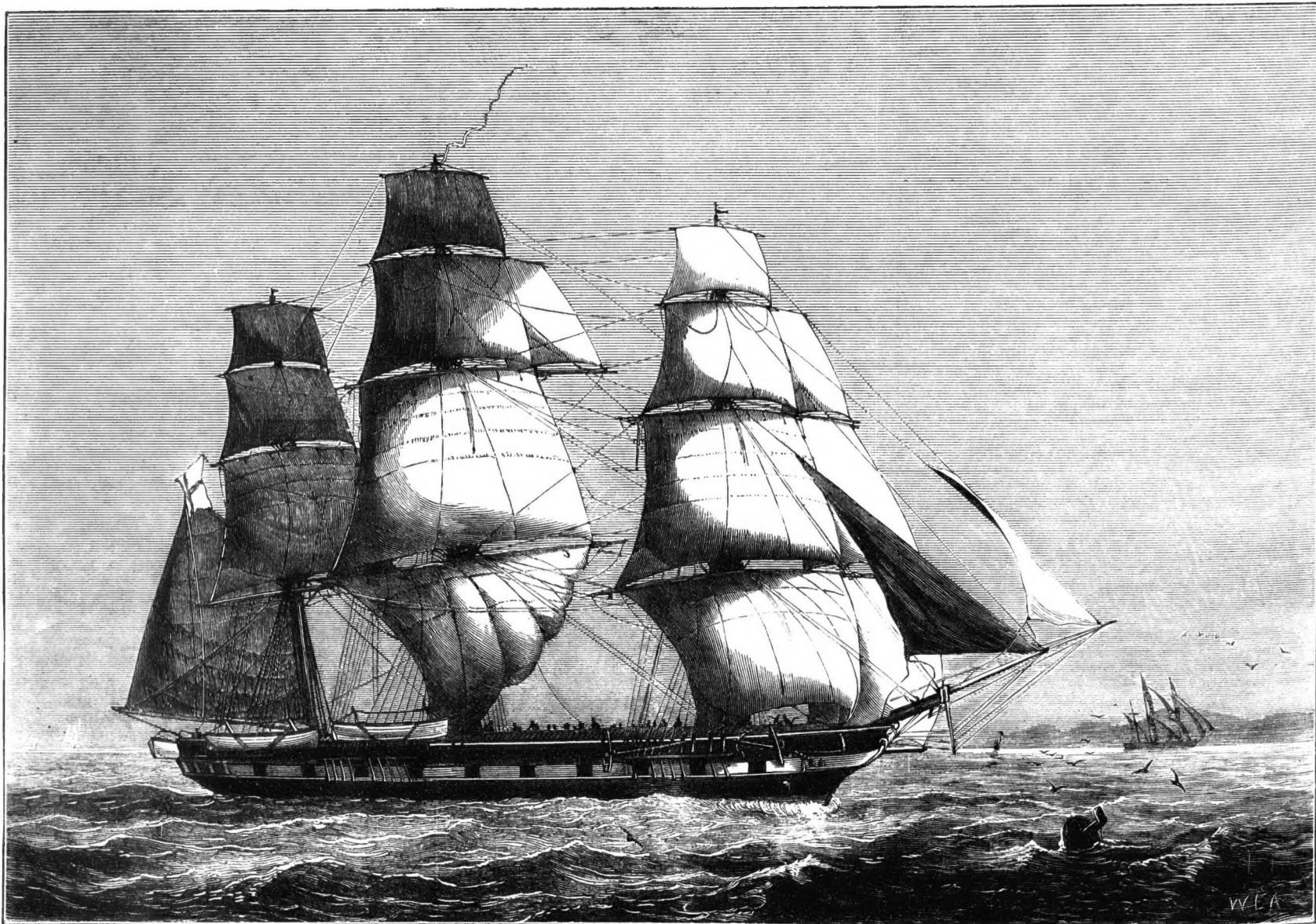
THE REDEMPTION OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA from their present unseemly surroundings is shortly to be brought before the New York Legislature by the Commissioners who have been recently surveying the neighbourhood. They propose that the State shall reclaim and convert into a public park the islands in the rapids, and a strip of mainland along the river bank, widening from 100 feet at the head of the rapids to 800 feet at the brink of the American Fall, that it shall take possession of and plant the *deciduous* slopes below this Fall, and plant and preserve a walk a mile long on this portion of the cliff. All disfiguring buildings would thus be swept away, while judicious planting would hide the unsightly view of Niagara Village. The islands and banks would be restored as far as possible to their primitive condition, and all houses of refreshment, booths, shops, &c., carefully excluded, the ground being protected by legislative safeguards from the introduction of incongruous objects. No attempt at landscape ornamentation would be made, and the Province of Ontario is ready to carry out a similar plan on the Canadian shore. The Commissioners further state that the purchase-money would not be considerable, and the *New York Herald* estimates the sum for acquiring and laying out the park at under 200,000*l.* Formerly the land was State property, and when its owners granted it to private proprietors Western New York was as yet only a wilderness.



STATUE ERECTED AT COLOMBO TO SIR WILLIAM GREGORY, K.C.M.G., LATE GOVERNOR OF CEYLON



THE MODEL ROOM OF THE NEW PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, U.S.A.



THE MISSING TRAINING SHIP, H.M.S. "ATALANTA"



"AT TEA"—DR. JOHNSON AND OLIVER GOLDSMITH AT MRS. THRALE'S
FROM THE PICTURE BY HEARST MEYER, EXHIBITED BY THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS



FRANCE.—A most interesting and instructive document has been issued by M. de Freycinet (in the form of a Circular) to the French Representatives abroad. In this he details the history of the Eastern negotiations, and touches upon home affairs as far as they interest the outside world—to wit, the Hartmann episode and the decrees expelling the Jesuits. He tells how, acting in concert with England and Germany, France had recognised the independence of Roumania, though far from satisfied with the measure for emancipating the Jews, by which each Israelite had still to naturalise himself individually as though a foreigner, and gives an interesting little account of the Greek difficulty. Thus we learn that England refused to consent to the French proposal for compensating Greece for the non-cession of Janina by increased annexations of territory in Thessaly. France, although of opinion that "the questions to be settled had not an exclusively technical character like those at stake in Bulgaria, and involved, on the contrary, a political construction of the Berlin Treaty which would better have been referred to a diplomatic Conference," did not hesitate frankly to accept England's suggestion that a special Delimitation Commission, similar to that serving in Bulgaria, should be appointed to settle the line of demarcation, and that the decisions of the Commission should be taken by a majority of votes. Other minor matters of the Eastern Question are lightly touched upon, and then M. de Freycinet turns to Egypt and her difficulties. There again M. de Freycinet shows that friendly co-operation with England has been the chief note of French policy. "For the English Egypt is the highway to India," he remarks, "that is to say, an imperative necessity constrains them to watch over the security of their communications. For us, Egypt is a land formerly watered with our blood, now fertilised by our capital, rich in products which feed our trade in the Mediterranean. . . . We held that these substantial but not exclusive interests were not incompatible with those guarded by England. We thought that by associating our efforts with hers we should more surely reach the goal which it behoves all to attain—the organisation of an administration and Government system guaranteeing the independence of Egypt against the risks of disorder within or of an intervention from without, which could not fail to be the result of it." Then follow the details of the Liquidation Commission, which are already known. With regard to the Jesuit expulsion decrees, M. Freycinet defines them as based on exclusively domestic grounds, and declares that they in no way affect the "condition of our protection as regards missionaries abroad." This last assurance, and, indeed, the highly pacific tone altogether of the whole Bill, has given general satisfaction, as, in the words of the *Temps*, it indicates a general policy of "peace and conciliation in conformity with the line traced out for France by the illustrious M. Thiers."

There is little else of interest in political circles. The Assembly met on Tuesday, and proceeded to take the Tariff Bills on Thursday. Considerable discussion has been excited by the demand of M. Clemenceau, and his organ *La Justice*, for the abolition of the Concordat; a proposal vigorously opposed by the *République Française*, which maintains that the Government cannot and should not accept the confusion which would result from such a measure.

PARIS has been half irritated, half amused by another quarrel between Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt and the Comédie Française. Having recently appeared in the *Leventurière* previous to her visit to England, where her performance in that play was to be one of the features of the programme, she was exceedingly annoyed at some strictures which were passed upon her by the Press, one journal declaring that she played the Virginie of the *Assommoir* rather than Clorinde. She wrote an angry letter to the manager, M. Perrin, accusing him of being the cause, by producing the play insufficiently rehearsed, and declaring that she would quit Paris and resign her position as Sociétaire. This, however, she cannot do without the consent of her colleagues, and there is a prospect of a suit at law between the impetuous actress and the Society.—M. de Lesseps has returned to Paris, and has given an account of his Panama trip, stating that the only appreciable difficulty in the way of a canal was a hill, some thirty-six metres in height, which separates the Rio Chagres Valley from the Rio Grande Valley. As an engineer for thirty years he could affirm the feasibility of the scheme, and his reception in the United States had shown that their adhesion was now gained. As for mortality amongst the workmen in the Colon Railway Works, this was a simple suicidal mania amongst the Chinese, and climate had nothing to do with it. Home sickness induced some to bury their savings at the foot of a tree, and hang themselves on the branches, fancying that they would wake up in China.—There have been two dramatic first representations—a five-act drama, *Le Puits des Quatre Chemins*, M. Maxime Dauritz, at the Château d'Eau, and a four-act drama, by M. Jules Duval, at the Cluny, entitled *Le Marchand de Son Honneur*.

GERMANY.—The Army Bill having been duly passed, the Government Bill for prolonging the repressive Anti-Socialist measures for five years has been the chief Parliamentary topic. This period the Committee have reduced to three and a half years, and the Bill has been practically accepted by the House, though there has been a vigorous debate, Socialists and Clericals alike opposing it. One of the former declared that "a Government with a quiet conscience had no danger to fear. . . . The Government might oppress the Socialists as much as it liked, but in their writings was contained a precious store of intellectual capital which would always keep alive the Socialist movement among the masses—the repressive law would never intimidate them, nor make them cease to battle valiantly for their principles." Another complained that the laws had closed Workmen's Societies, which had no connection with politics, and declared that it was nothing but the bad legal organisation which drove emigrants away from the country. The Clericals, through Dr. Windthorst, opposed the Bill on the ground that the measure had materially strengthened Social Democracy, and that the most suitable course would be to put an end to the Kulturkampf, and recall the banished clergy. "It would not have to fear a single Socialist in those districts where the Catholic Church swayed"—an assertion hailed with an outburst of ironical laughter. Ultimately the Government had its own way, save for the reduction of the time that the Bill shall be in force.

An International Fishery Exhibition was opened at Berlin on Tuesday. It has been organised by the German Fishery Society, and contains a remarkable collection of contributions from all parts of the world. Those from India, Japan, and the Malay Archipelago are exceedingly curious, the fauna of those waters having been brought in great profusion, with an endless variety of pearls, coral, and shells. Innumerable kinds of instruments and devices for catching, curing, and rearing fish are exhibited. The Crown Prince was present at the opening, and made a visiting tour afterwards. If we are to believe *The Times* correspondent, at one of the Scotch stands he remarked that the Scotch method of catching sea-fish seemed to be much the same as that of the Japanese; "a remark," we are told, "which decidedly appeared to wound the national pride of the saturnine Caledonian in charge of the object referred to, and made him thoroughly unhappy for the rest of the day."

RUSSIA.—The policy of clemency is still being pursued to a certain degree, and a great impression has been made upon

University students by the Czar having fully pardoned three students who had been convicted of having carried on a Socialist propaganda; while an official decree announces that the Supreme Executive Commission has ordered the revision of documents respecting several persons who have been condemned, on the ground that many of the persons in question have "already repented of their offence, and have, by their good conduct, obtained satisfactory certificates from the local governors." Nevertheless the trials continue apace, and the *Nijni Novgorod* is about to leave Odessa with 408 prisoners for Saghalien; while on their side the Nihilists continue to print and distribute their papers and pamphlets. Their last circular enunciates that "the Government being regarded as an enemy, the end justifies all means that may be employed for its overthrow; that all elements of opposition, though not actual allies, will have their assistance and protection; and that all persons knowingly aiding the Government in the struggle, and exceeding the bounds of neutrality, will be treated as enemies."—Prince Gortschakoff continues in the same hopeless state of health.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—There are rumours of disturbances in Albania owing to the recent treaty with Montenegro, and the tribes are said to be greatly discontented with the concessions of territory which have been made by the Porte.—There is little other news, save that the Sultan has given audience to Mr. Oliphant to discuss a project for an English colonisation of the valley of the Jordan.—In SERBIA there has been great rejoicing over the Liberal successes in the English elections, and an address having 1,000 signatures has been sent to Mr. Gladstone.—In ROUMANIA the sixteenth anniversary of Prince Charles' election to the throne has been celebrated with a *Te Deum* and various salutes at Bucharest.

ITALY.—There has been considerable excitement over the expulsion from Trieste of Signor Cavalatti, a dramatic author who had gone thither to superintend the production of one of his plays. Unfortunately he also happens to be one of the most ardent Italian Irredentists in the Italian Parliament, so that the local authorities, fearing a demonstration from the Italian population, ordered him to quit the city—an arbitrary action which was at once repudiated by Count Taaffe and the Central Government.—Signor Cairoli has made a lengthy speech on the Eastern Question and Italy's policy, which mainly consisted in a history of the past negotiations, and of assurances that Italy had worthily maintained her position. He concluded by remarking that he hoped the peace existing would not be illusory, but that at the same time the means of defence must not be neglected. "Our policy must be pacific and prudent, though we must not forget our duties and rights."—Political murders are not at an end even in modern Italy, and Signor Ferenza, a journalist at Leghorn, has been assassinated. He was reported to be the author of a pamphlet entitled, "Garibaldi the Ungrateful," and several attempts had been previously made on his life. Aware that he was doomed, he had made every preparation for death, executing his will, and recommending his children to the King.

A grand "Philological Academy" has been given at the Vatican in honour of the exaltation to the Pontifical throne of His Holiness Leo XIII. A large audience, the scholars of the Propaganda, recited short poems in forty-nine different languages, celebrating the Pope's name, his deeds, his lofty purposes, the holiness of his life, his unconquerable zeal for increasing the lustre of the Catholics, the well-being of human society, and the advancement of learning—a pretty fair catalogue of virtues for one man to hear repeated of himself forty-nine times over. National anthems in various languages were also sung.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The Afghan chiefs have left Cabul, protesting that they will do all in their power to bring matters to a pacific conclusion. Some are doubtless disappointed that Yakob Khan is not to be restored; but great satisfaction is felt that the Government has declared itself willing to leave the country as soon as a strong and friendly ruler can be found to sit on the throne at Cabul. The Sirdar Alam Khan has taken back with him letters from Moosa Khan's mother, giving him authority to take charge of the child. He will bring the boy to Cabul if desired. It is not thought likely that Mahomed Jan—should he object to any arrangement being made with us—will be able to offer any noteworthy opposition. Abdurrahman Khan is making strenuous efforts to secure adherents. He was last heard of at Kundulz on the 5th inst.

There has been another rising of the Kakars, who, joined by bodies of Pathans, have severed our communications with Candahar, and, attacking the Dubrai post between Chaman and Candahar, massacred the garrison, almost all of whom were killed, including Major Waudby, the Road Commandant. Considerable uneasiness is also felt with regard to the Kuram tribes, of whom various gatherings are reported.

UNITED STATES.—Severe hurricanes have visited Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Kansas, doing immense damage throughout their path. The severest tornado passed 160 miles along the James River Valley, Missouri, and the town of Marshfield was demolished, only fourteen houses being left standing. Several villages were destroyed, and the loss of life is estimated at more than 150, while numerous persons have been seriously injured. Relief trains were run with nurses and doctors from Springfield, and active measures are being taken to relieve the sufferers. Eye-witnesses describe the tornado as frightful. It appeared as a black cloud, funnel shaped, and lined with fleecy white, turning like a screw-propeller with great velocity, destroying everything in its path. It was about half a mile wide, and moved with a terrific noise, twisting off the branches, and peeling the bark from the small trees, blowing the houses from their foundations, lifting cattle, hogs, sheep, and poultry into the air, and carrying them long distances.

The Committee for Foreign Affairs have reported to the House of Representatives in favour of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty between the United States and Great Britain. This Treaty provided that neither nation could undertake the piercing of the Isthmus of Panama without the consent of the other. As the Committee's report coincides with the recommendation in the President's speech, the fate of the Treaty is probably sealed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN an asserted confession of Otero has been published, in which he is stated to have acknowledged to being the emissary of a secret association, and to have been threatened with death in case of refusal to perform the task. He was accompanied to the door of the Palace by two members of the association.—DENMARK has been enthusiastically feting Professor Nordenskjöld and his companions of the *Vega* Expedition.—In CYPRUS the weather is cool, with constant rain, and the crops are prosperous, while the cattle disease is almost entirely stamped out. In CANADA the Bill legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister has been passed by the Dominion House of Commons.—The war in SOUTH AMERICA continues, and a great panic is said to be prevailing in Lima, owing to Callao having been blockaded by six Chilean steamers. The Chileans are also successful by land, and have taken Cuestos de los Angeles.—From AUSTRALIA we hear that the Sydney Exhibition has been closed, after having been kept open five weeks beyond the original time intended (six months). From Sept. 17th, the day of opening, to Feb. 26th, 803,084 persons visited the Exhibition, the daily average being 5,736 visitors, and it was expected that by the closing day the total number of admissions would nearly reach 1,100,000. As to the coming Melbourne Exhibition, the applications for space have been so numerous as to necessitate a considerable addition to the main building. Agricultural implements will thus be accommodated, while a considerable addition has been granted to the United States.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice returned to England from Germany on Saturday. Before leaving Baden-Baden Her Majesty received the chief officials of the town, to express her satisfaction with her visit, and gave donations to various charitable institutions, while on the way home the Queen visited the Belgian Royal Family. The King and Queen of the Belgians met Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice at Laeken, where the Royal party inspected the park and the monuments of King Leopold I. and his Queen, and subsequently went to Brussels to lunch at the Palace. After driving through the chief streets the Queen and Princess left for Flushing, when they went on board the *Victoria and Albert*, and started early next morning, escorted by the *Ostorne* and *Alberta*. The Royal yacht had a fine passage of seven hours, and reached Queenborough on Saturday afternoon, being greeted by the National Anthem from the band of the flagship, while Earl Sydney and various officials received the Queen, who went on thence to Windsor. Next morning Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. F. Pigou preached. Lord Beaconsfield arrived, and had an audience of Her Majesty, subsequently accompanying Prince Leopold and Prince and Princess Christian to the afternoon service at St. George's Chapel. He dined with the Queen in the evening, and on Monday had another audience of Her Majesty before leaving the Castle. On Tuesday the Queen held a Council, which was attended by Prince Leopold and the chief Ministers, while Sir W. Hart-Dyke, Sir H. F. Ponsonby, the Hon. R. Bourke, and Mr. Beresford Hope were sworn in as members. Her Majesty subsequently giving audiences to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Viscount Cranbrook, and Mr. Smith. Afterwards the Queen held a private investiture of the Order of the Bath, conferring the ribbon and badge of Knights Grand Cross on Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord John Manners, and Messrs. Cave and Cross, and the insignia of Knights Commanders on the Hon. A. F. O. Liddell and Mr. J. Tilley. Viscount Cranbrook also received the Order of the Star of India, and Messrs. E. Harrison, T. Nelson, A. Borthwick, and Captain Bruce were knighted. On Wednesday Vice-Admiral Pothuau, the French Ambassador, had an audience with Her Majesty to present his letters of recall.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their three daughters were present on Saturday at the marriage of Lord Hastings and the Hon. Elizabeth Harbord, at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, the Prince and Princess subsequently going to the wedding breakfast at Lord and Lady Suffield's residence. In the evening the Prince and Princess with Prince Louis of Battenburg went to the Opera. Next morning they with their daughters attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. On Monday evening they went to the Globe Theatre, on Tuesday to the Opera, and on Wednesday to the concert of the Bach Choir at St. James's Hall.—The Prince will preside at the Festival of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress on June 15.—The project of the Prince's visit to Australia in the autumn is again being discussed, the *Scaphis*, which conveyed the Prince to India, being chosen for his trip.

The Princess Christian and her eldest son last week visited Rickmansworth, to be present at an amateur entertainment in aid of the choir fund of the parish church, when the Princess herself contributed a pianoforte solo.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were at St. James's Theatre on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday the Duke presided at the annual dinner in aid of the City Road Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.—Princess Louise was present at the sitting of the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa on Saturday.—Prince Leopold will shortly be made a Duke and peer, and will probably adopt the title of Duke of Albany.—The marriage of the Princess Frederica of Hanover with Baron von Pawel-Rammingen takes place to-day (Saturday), before the Queen and Royal Family, in the private chapel, Windsor. The Princess will distribute the prizes to the pupils of the Savoy schools in June next.—The Crown Princess of Germany will contribute a picture, "Roma, 1880"—drawn during her recent Roman visit—to the coming Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.—The ex-Empress Eugénie left Capetown in the *German* for Natal on Tuesday. During her five days' stay, she remained in strict seclusion at Government House, only going to the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Sunday. She has proved an excellent sailor, and has never once been absent from meals. The obelisk erected by the Queen to the Prince Imperial's memory has been put into position on the spot where he fell.



THE FIRST BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.—Canon Ryle, who was very recently appointed to the Deanery of Salisbury, has now been gazetted to the Bishopric of the newly-founded diocese of Liverpool, which town is at the same time raised to the dignity of a city. The appointment, which seems to meet with general approval from the local press, was favourably alluded to last Sunday at most of the Liverpool churches. At St. James's, West Derby, the Rev. E. J. A. Fitz-Roy, preaching for the Diocesan Societies, said that under a prelate learned, able, eloquent, and large-hearted there could be little doubt that a Bishop of Liverpool's Fund would be started which would afford the poor parishes help from the superfluities of the rich; and in the erection of a cathedral and the completion of the diocesan institutions the laity would be sure, lay the foundation of a tradition for a new see not unworthy of those from which they were now separated at Chester, and whereby future Bishops of Liverpool might leave a name not less honoured than those of Pearson, Sumner, Blomfield, and other worthies in the old diocese. The new Bishop, who is the eldest son of Mr. J. Ryle, M.P., banker, of Macclesfield, was born in 1810, educated at Eton and Oxford, ordained in 1841, and has been successively Rector of St. Thomas, Winchester; and of Hildingham, Suffolk; Vicar of Stradbroke; and Honorary Canon of Norwich. His "views" are of the moderate Evangelical type, he is an able and voluminous writer on religious subjects, and a member of the Church Association.

THE DEANERY OF SALISBURY, vacant by the elevation of Canon Ryle to the Bishopric of Liverpool, has been conferred upon the Rev. George David Boyle, Honorary Canon of Worcester, and Rural Dean and Vicar of Kidderminster, who graduated at Oxford and was ordained in 1853.

THE RECTORY OF CLEWER.—The Bishop of Oxford, replying to the memorial recently sent to him by the churchwardens of Clewer, says that he is truly sorry that the parish should lose the services of a pastor who has so well deserved their affection, but he is unable to see any grounds for refusing to accept his resignation, or for supposing that he would wish him to do so. The Rectory of Clewer is a living in the gift of the Provost and Fellows of Eton College.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—Sermons in aid of this Association were preached on Sunday in nearly all the churches of the metropolis, and on Monday the annual meeting was held at Lambeth Palace, the Bishop of London presiding in the absence of the Primate. The report, which took a hopeful view of the progress of the temperance movement, was adopted on the motion of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who said that though as an organisation they knew no politics, they might reasonably expect that the new Parliament would do something to advance the cause they had at heart. In the evening the anniversary service of the Society was held in Westminster Abbey, the choir of the London Lay Helpers' Association assisting, and the sermon being preached by the Rev. A. Purey-Cust, the new Dean of York. On Tuesday the Total Abstinence Section held its annual meeting at Exeter Hall. The Bishop of Rochester, who presided, while declaring that he found himself in every way better for abstaining from alcoholic liquors, counselled the advocates of temperance to avoid the Pharisaism and exaggeration of language which had hitherto done so much to retard the progress of the cause. It was not right to assume that those who differed from them were wrong, and it was equally unwise to deny that wine was a creature of God, and that the Bible sanctioned its use. The argument that the wine of the Bible was not fermented had been conclusively refuted by one of the ablest scholars of our time—the Bishop of Lincoln. On Wednesday the Society held a public conference on "Thrift," under the presidency of the Dean of York.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.—The annual session of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland was opened on Tuesday at the Synod Hall, Dublin, special services having previously been held in St. Patrick's and Christ Church Cathedrals. The Primate, in his address, said that the Church had outlived the trial which came upon it with its Disestablishment; and called attention to the claims of minor incumbents and curates who had by the Legislature been deprived of the reward of many years' labour, remarking that, according to the principle of the Act itself, which had provided compensation in every other case of loss, they were entitled to an equitable settlement of their claims out of the undistributed portion remaining of the Church property.

ORNAMENTAL CHURCHYARDS.—Dr. Tristram, as Chancellor of the Diocese of London, has granted a faculty to the Carpenters' Company to make a pathway through and plant shrubs, &c., in the churchyard of the united parishes of St. Gabriel and St. Margaret, Venchurch Street, City.

"BRAWLING IN CHURCH."—A prosecution has been commenced against a Mr. Bond, of South Hackney, for having, as is alleged, been guilty of "indecent behaviour" in the district church. He seems to have been under the impression that the Vicar was acting illegally in letting some of the pews, and one Sunday afternoon, when the church was not open for service, he entered the building, and began copying down the names of the seat-holders, with a view to legal proceedings. He was requested to leave by the sextoness, the Vicar, and the churchwarden successively, and ultimately had a severe struggle with a policeman who was fetched to eject him. The hearing of the case is adjourned.

THE REV. PAXTON HOOD, one of the ablest and best known ministers of the Presbyterian body, has resigned the pastorate of Cavenish Chapel, Manchester, and, it is rumoured, is about to join the Church.

DR. ALEXANDER RALEIGH, the well-known Congregationalist preacher, and pastor of Allen Street Chapel, Kensington, died on Monday last, at the age of 73.

EDUCATION OF THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.—On Sunday last in all the churches of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Westminster a pastoral letter from Cardinal Manning was read, referring to the completion of the Seminary of St. Thomas, and to the collections made on that day for it and the ecclesiastical education of the Diocese. His Eminence says that it is necessary that a constant succession of priests be maintained; and that they be so taught and trained that they may be intellectually able to meet the intellect of our times, and be examples to those whom they are to guide. He therefore appeals to them to subscribe to the funds, and in conclusion remarks that there is but one more acceptable offering that some of them can give, a better gift than gold and silver, that is a son of their own home to stand at the altar, and to be a teacher and a pastor of the poor.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Of three songs for which Francis Hueffer has composed the music, "My Love, My Own" is the prettiest; a tenor with a small voice will find this a telling song, of medium compass. "Constant Love," words by E. G. B., very much resembles the above in every point. "A Nursery Rhyme" written by Christina Rossetti, is quaint and original, it may be sung either as a solo or a duet for two sopranos. Books I. and II. of "Six Songs for Soprano or Tenor," composed by Hermann Goetz, are cleverly written, and well deserve the amount of study required to sing and play them correctly, they contain the one "The Secret," "The Gentle Touch," a charming little *morceau*, and "The Passage Bird," the other "Gertrude's Song," "The Forsaken Maiden," and "Soothing." All are freely adapted from various German poets by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A., with his usual success. A very dramatic *scena* and *aria* from "Das Nachtlager in Granada," by Conradin Kreutzer, although far too lengthy for general purposes, extending as it does over twelve pages, will make a hit in a concert room if well sung, the English version is by Charles Santley. "The Organist's Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions" keeps its high position in public favour, it has arrived at Part 46, Vol. VI. The first and most important of the four compositions contained in this number is an "Elegie," by Reinhold Succo, Königl.—Music.—Director, Berlin, a masterly and pathetic work. Next follows a clever "Prelude for the Diapasons," by E. W. Healey, Mus. Bac., a "Prelude and Fugue" by Edmund H. Turpin, is admirably worked up, in fact one of this excellent composer's best compositions. "In Memoriam" by G. J. Bennett, R.A.M., is neatly written, and worthy the attention of amateur musicians in particular.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Scotch songs are now the fashion with foreign as well as English composers. "Far Away Where the Heather Blooms" is a charming ballad for tenor, the words by Florence E. Ashley and the music by Oliver Grauer are equally fresh and bright. The above composer has not been so successful with "Charity," a vocal duet for two sopranos; it is tame, and lacks originality to a great degree. From a quaint "Dramatic Pastoral," called "The Arraignment of Paris," written by George Peele in 1584, Malcolm Lawson has taken the words for a vocal duet, "Cupid's Curse," into the spirit of which he has thoroughly entered; the music is for contralto and tenor or solo. Maude V. White has written so much of late that it becomes almost that she needs repose. "When Delia On the Plain Sighs," a pretty little love poem by Lord Lyttelton (1709-1773), has failed to inspire her with appropriate music, her setting is stiff and laboured. "Das Meer hat seine Perlen," Heine's exquisite poem so ably translated by H. W. Longfellow, has received better treatment at the hands of this clever composer. Nevertheless, it

bears the impress of other ideas than her veritable own, hence she will do well to take some rest.—It is a pity that Walter Macfarren should have wasted his good music upon such inane words as "Sail Swiftly, O My Soul," by Lancelot Bruce.—Mild in the extreme is "My Heart's Queen," written and composed by M. S. Dunn and W. G. Wood.—It is evident that F. E. Weatherly has been writing too fast to judge by "The Listening Oak," a song composed by C. R. Tennant; with the exception of a few bars here and there the accompaniment is in triplets, a most fidgety and eccentric arrangement, the beauty of which we fail to appreciate.

MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS.—"How Bright These Glorious Spirits Shine," a paraphrase of the 66th Psalm, has been skilfully arranged as a full anthem for four voices by S. Borwick, suitable for a small choir of moderate capacity.—Two simple but pleasing ballads, composed by Odoardo Barri, are: "As the Nile Stream Floweth By," words by Mary Mark Lemon, and "Evening Chimes," words by Edward Oxenford.—Both words and music, by Julia Goddard and Otto Schweizer, of "O'er the Sea" are pathetic and singular for a contralto.—The "Tooin' o' Wir Boat" is a quaint little Scotch song, written and composed by G. Stewart and T. Manson; a footnote explains that in Shetland, owing to the villages being widely scattered along the coast, it is necessary for each fishing-boat as it approaches the shore to sound a horn called a "tooin" horn; there is a breezy freshness about this song which will make it a favourite wherever it is heard.—Another pretty Scotch song is "He'll Be Here To-Morrow," written by John Campbell, and arranged with symphonies and accompaniments by Michael Watson.



THE TURF.—The Craven Meeting at Newmarket closed as it began with wretched weather, racing surprises, and fatal results to backers, who may almost be said to be "stone broke" thus early in the season. The Craven Stakes were full of interest, as Lord Falmouth's Merry-go-Round, the conqueror of Mask, and Brotherhood, better known last year as Brother to Ersilia, were two of the runners in a field of a dozen. The first-named carrying the regular colt's weight of 8st. 10lb., was installed first favourite, and Brotherhood, who carried the full penalty of 10lbs. extra, was backed at about 8 to 1. The winner, however, most unexpectedly turned up in Mr. T. Grettton's Fernandez, who claimed a 5lbs. allowance, and was not the least fancied by his stable. After his victory he was backed for both the Two Thousand and Derby, and some good judges think that he will turn out as good an animal as his famous brother Isonomy. Merry-go-Round ran second, and Brotherhood third, the excellent performance of the latter with his heavy penalty sustaining him as first favourite for the Two Thousand. Backers were sadly out in their calculations for the International Handicap on the last day of the meeting, as Rosy Cross, the favourite, cut up very badly, and the race fell to Mr. L. de Rothschild's Fashion, a comparative outsider. The rumour that something a trifle wrong had happened to Rosy Cross on the previous day had probably some foundation in fact, and her subsequent retrogression in the City and Suburban market was but natural. However, she gradually returned to favour, and will probably start in good demand for the Epsom race, the result of which we are unfortunately unable to record in consequence of the Epsom authorities having altered the day of the week on which it has been run for so many years. This alteration is certainly very unpopular, as it clashes with the big steeplechase at Sandown; and altogether the enlargement of the Epsom Meeting to three days, and bringing the Great Metropolitan forward in the programme, meet with scant favour, especially with those who dislike to find old associations broken up. For the opening event on the fourth day, the Trial Stakes, Placida and Kaleidoscope fought their Northampton battle over again, and with the same result, Mr. Pulteney's mare beating Lord Rosebery's horse by a neck, both carrying the same weight, but Kaleidoscope having the advantage of age. Cradle, who bids fair to become one of the small class of "evergreens," which, by the way, it is satisfactory to see, shows in larger proportions than usual this season, won the Prince of Wales's Stakes; and old instantly made another score for Wadlow's stable by securing the Banstead Stakes. A rank outsider in the shape of Magdalene won the Great Surrey Handicap, the favourites, Typhoon and Death or Glory, not getting a place in the limited field of eight. Tristan followed up his Newmarket success by winning the Westminster Stakes for two-year-olds, while the other chief prize for youngsters, the Hyde Park Plate, was credited to Lord Calthorpe's Angelina, a daughter of Hermit and Doe, who beat a field of fourteen with great ease, Tristan and Althotas running second and third. In Angelina we have certainly seen the smartest baby out this season. The Great Metropolitan Stakes showed a vast improvement on the ridiculous *fiasco* of last year, when only the moderate Castlereagh entered the lists against the American Parole, who just at that time had scared English owners out of their senses. No less than ten were found to do battle on Wednesday, when the meeting of Chippendale and Rochampton was decidedly a matter of interest. The first-named was made a hot favourite at only 6 to 4 against him, and justified the choice by winning easily by a length from Fashion and Rhidorroch, who were placed second and third. The performance of the winner stamps him as one of our best stayers, and he will doubtless take his part in the great Cup contests of the season.

CRICKET.—The ungenial weather has hitherto prevented cricketers taking the field in anything like large numbers, but the season generally shows good promise, the "fixtures" already made by the M.C.C., the Surrey, and other leading clubs being unusually numerous. The grounds in all directions are reported as being in excellent condition. The London season may be said to have opened with a match between Westminster School and Old Haileyburians, in Vincent Square, the boys getting the worst of it.

FOOTBALL.—The season for this game may be said to have come to an end, and a very good one it has been. The number of clubs and individual players has largely increased; and in both forms of the game really scientific play shows a marked advance.—The Berks and Bucks Association Cup contest has been left undecided, the Swifts and Old Philberrians having for the second time played a draw in the final game. Why they should not have another try to decide matters is difficult to understand.

ANGLING.—Those *rara aves* the Thames Trout have been showing up pretty well of late. Among the notable captures may be mentioned two fish of 8 lb. and 9 lb. in the Old Windsor Water, and a veritable giant of 17 lbs. from Reading, which was sent as a present to the Queen. There is no kind of angling which requires so much perseverance and skill as spinning for the beautiful denizens of the Thames, and no fish when caught better repay the exercise of these piscatorial virtues.

BILLIARDS.—There is a talk of a match being arranged between Cook and the French champion Vignaux, who has recently vanquished the American Slosson. The game is to be for 5,000 a side, and to be played on an English table, 1,500 up. But perhaps the matter will not get further than talk.



JUDGES' CHAMBERS.—The transfer of Judges' Chambers to the New Law Courts in the Strand was effected on Monday, when some important alterations in the mode of conducting business came into operation. All summonses, whether to be heard before a Master or a Judge, are issued in No. 81 room, the orders come under alphabetical classifications instead of under the divisions of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer; and printed lists of summonses to be heard by both Judges and Masters are issued. The Judges have two commodious rooms provided for them, and the members of the Bar have a very handsomely fitted and convenient apartment (on the same floor as the Judges' rooms), overlooking the principal gateway.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.—The motion to commit Mr. Fortescue Harrison, late M.P. for the Kilmarnock Burghs, to prison for contempt in not obeying an order of the Court, which was unsuccessfully made on the day before the late Parliament was dissolved, was renewed last week before Vice-Chancellor Hall, who refused to comply with it on the ground that the privilege of a member of the late Parliament, so far as freedom from arrest was concerned, extended to forty days after the date of the dissolution.

IN THE COURT OF APPEAL, on Tuesday, two interesting and important cases were disposed of. One was that of the "Manchester and South Junction Railway Company v. the Queen," in which their lordships decided that the Court of Queen's Bench was right in declaring the award made in 1873 by the Marquis of Salisbury in favour of the Company to be unsound and of no effect in law, there being no jurisdiction to commence arbitration under the Telegraphs Acts of either 1868 or 1869. In the other case, "Scaramanza v. Stamp and Another," it was stated that a certain ship, which had been chartered to carry a cargo from Cronstaut to Gibraltar, had turned aside from her course to aid in saving the cargo of another vessel which was in distress, and in attempting to do so had herself run aground and lost her own cargo. The underwriters had indemnified the owner of the goods for his loss, and now sought to recover what they had paid from the owner of the vessel; and the Court gave judgment in their favour, holding that, though turning aside in order to save imperilled lives would be justifiable, it was not so when the object was merely to earn salvage money.

THE BAGOT WILL CASE, which stood for re-trial at Dublin, has been compromised. The terms of settlement are that the costs shall be paid out of the estate; that the defendant, Mrs. Roberts, be secured the annuity of 1,000*l.* reserved by a deed executed prior to the date of the will; that the minor be paid 25,000*l.* on coming of age, and that the will which provides for the vesting of the personality to increase the realty for the benefit of the testator's brothers and their family be established.

HOWELL v. WEST AND JONES.—This case, which we partially reported last week, has resulted in a verdict for the defendants. The Lord Chief Justice, in summing up, pointed out that the charge, which was nominally one of breach of contract, was really one of culpable homicide, the defendants being accused of causing the death of the boy by negligence, ignorance, and misconduct. For the punishment of such conduct, the criminal law should have been resorted to. If the plaintiff had taken that course, and the Jury had found there was no real cause for such a charge, it would have assumed the character of a malicious prosecution, for which the plaintiff would have been civilly responsible; whereas in this form of action he was enabled to satisfy his desire to punish the defendants for the death of his son by holding them up to public reprobation and obloquy without involving himself in any possible consequences if the jury pronounced against him.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—The election of Mr. Thomas Wood as member of the Local Board of Stapleton, near Bristol, has been objected to on the ground of misdescription on the voting papers, he having set himself down as a "gentleman," whereas he is an "eating-house keeper," and was so described at last year's election, when he was unsuccessful. In a certain sense an eating-house keeper may, of course, be a gentleman, or he may not, according to his habits and deportment, but the question to be decided in this case is the precise legal meaning of the term.

"THE MORE HASTE THE LESS SPEED."—The truth of this proverb will probably in future be remembered by Mr. Campbell, who was last week summoned for breaking a pane of glass at the Brixton Railway Station. He had arrived by train, and finding the barrier gate closed, he broke a window in order to open it, being in a hurry to get away on election business. The result was that instead of losing a few minutes only, he had to spend at least half a day in attending the Lambeth Police Court, where he was fined 5*s.*, besides 2*s.* 6*d.*, the amount of the damage, and 1*l.* 3*s.* costs. Rather a high price to pay for a lesson on the value of patience.

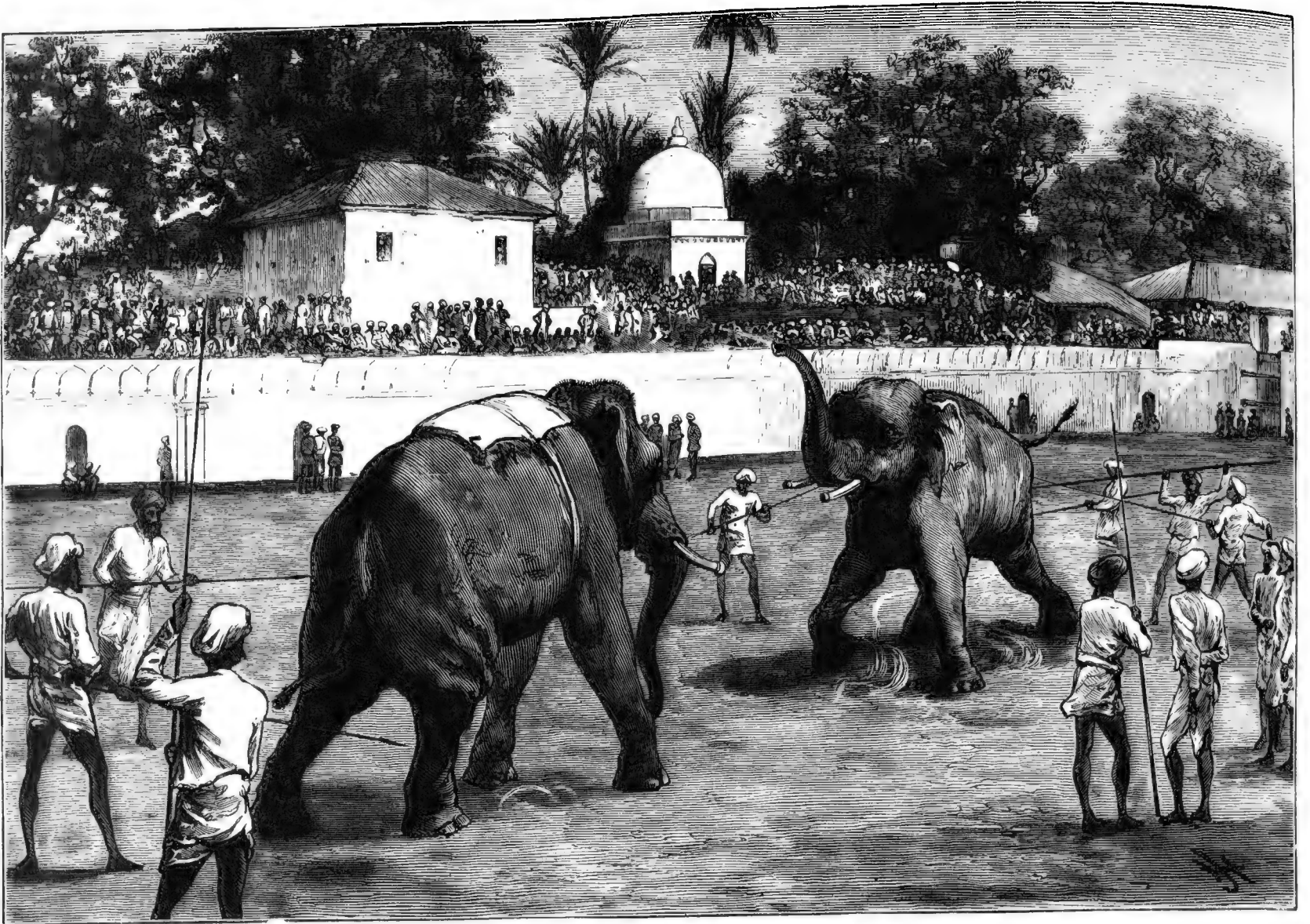
TRICKS OF TRADE.—The schemes by which disreputable tradesmen endeavour to "best" their customers are sometimes ingenious, but more often simply barefaced. The device by which Mr. Alfred Stafford Wright, of Shoreditch, sought to impose upon Mrs. Oliver certainly exhibits more of the latter than of the former characteristic. The lady, who is a widow, paid him 6*l.* 10*s.* for a "Wheeler and Wilson's Machine," which upon trial turned out to be an imitation worth only 2*l.* 5*s.* The defendant denied that he sold it as a Wheeler and Wilson's, but it was shown that it was known in the trade as "Wheeler and Wilson," and was so described upon the receipted invoice. Mr. Wright has therefore been committed for trial for obtaining goods by false pretences.

PROFITABLE DEBT COLLECTING.—An extraordinary statement was made at the Lambeth Police Court the other day by a tradesman, who applied to the magistrate for advice. He said that having agreed that the British and Foreign Accountancy Office, Finsbury Lane, should collect for him two bad debts amounting to 2*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, he had, after several inquiries at the office, received a Post Office order for 5*s.* 2*d.*, no less than 2*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* being charged for "expenses." Mr. Chance said that the charges were shameful, and advised the applicant to take proceedings in the County Court for the recovery of the money.

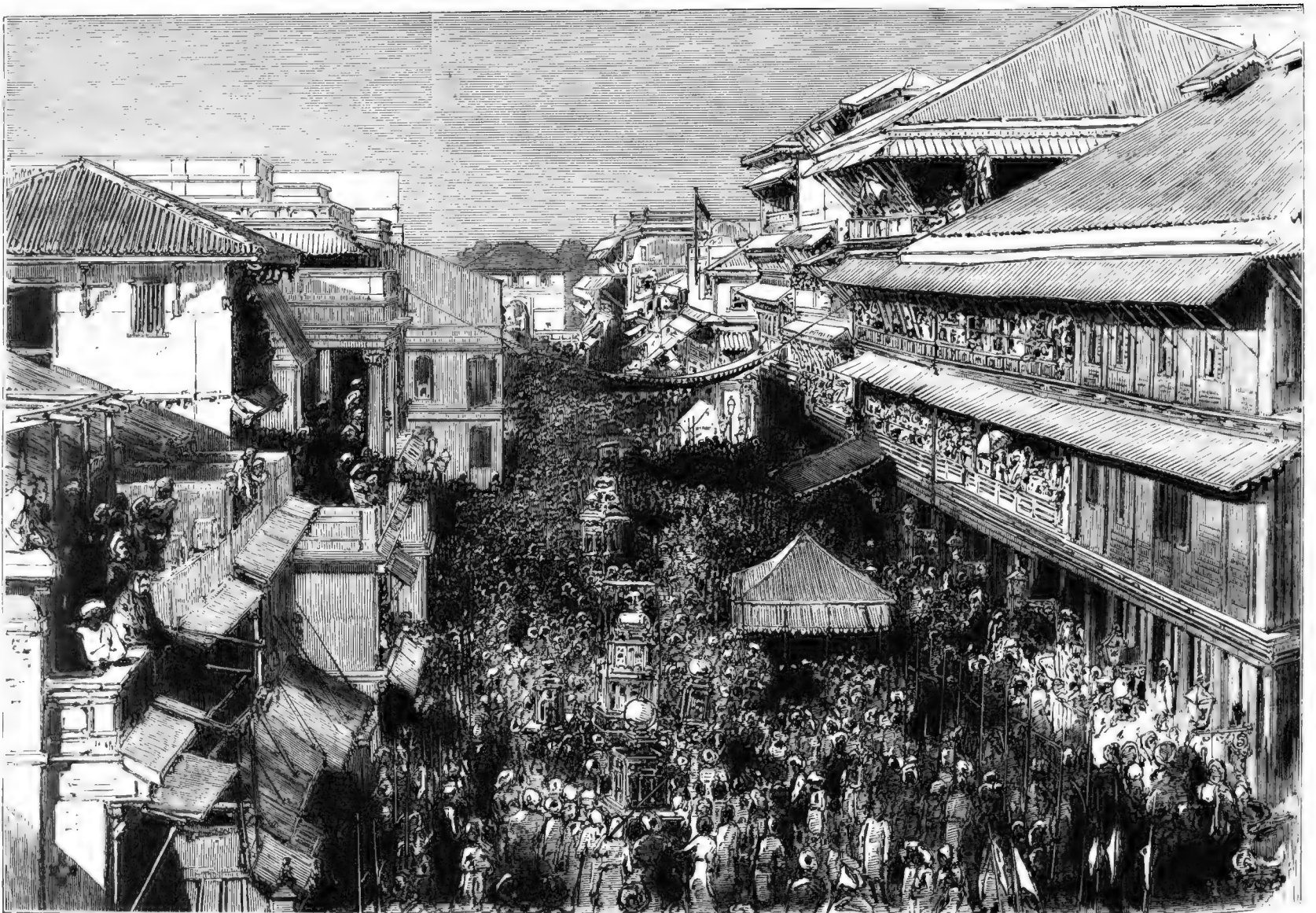
DISTURBING HUMAN REMAINS.—Mr. Jacobson, who was summoned by St. Pancras Vestry for improperly removing human remains from the burial-ground of Whitfield's Chapel, Tottenham Court Road, has, after several adjournments, been bound over to answer the charge at the Old Bailey Sessions.

A GANG OF BRADFORD ROUGHS, numbering some thirty or forty, on Saturday committed a murderous assault upon three policemen. The officers had arrested a man for gambling in the streets, when the mob, in order to rescue him, attacked them in a most savage manner, beating them with stones and sticks, and with their own staves, which they wrenched from them in the *malice*. No arrests are reported to have been made.

HOSPITAL OUT-DOOR PATIENTS.—It is generally understood and accepted as an evil, incurable as are certain physical maladies to which humanity is heir, that our hospitals and public dispensaries, founded and maintained solely with a view to comforting and succouring the indigent sick, are made prey of by unscrupulous



THE ELEPHANT FIGHT IN THE ARENA



PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH PALACE STREET, BARODA

THE MARRIAGE OF THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA



DRAWN BY LUKE FILDEN, A.R.A.

She went over and knelt down beside the old lady's chair.

LORD BRACKENBURY: A Novel

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," "Debenham's Vow," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FAMILY PORTRAITS

THE Long Gallery was well named. It measured sixty-eight feet from end to end by only twelve in width, and, being so narrow, looked even longer than its actual length. It was lighted by two very large windows to the front, and by a bay window, now filled up, at the east end. On the panelled walls opposite the two front windows, and in the spaces between those windows, in all imaginable cross-lights, hung a series of faded family portraits; mostly full-lengths of gentlemen in ruffs and doublets, corslets and boots, Ramillies wigs and brocaded waistcoats, with a sprinkling of ladies in hoops, powder, and patches—all in various stages of mildew and dilapidation.

At the lower end was a musicians' gallery; and here and there, at long intervals against the walls, an old high-backed chair and covered with crimson and amber brocade. Other furniture and decorations there were none. The floor had once been polished, and doubtless level; but now was as uneven as the pavement of St. Mark's at Venice.

Cochrane gave himself up with a good grace to Mrs. Bridget's guidance, and started for the family portraits.

"The earliest painted likeness of any member of the Langtreys family," said the old woman, falling at once into the perfunctory and half-aggressive tone of a practised *cicerone*, "consists of a small panel, dated 1521, supposed to be the portrait of Godfrey Langtreys, Esquire, who lived in the reign of King Henry VIII. It hangs in a room in the North Wing. There are also in the old parish church some effigies in stone, and three monumental brasses, of various members of the family of a still earlier period, some dating back to the time of the Crusades. The name of the Langtreys family, and a list of their lands, is likewise to be found in Domesday Book. It is one of the most ancient families in . . ."

"Never mind all that, Bridget," said Miss Savage, with a somewhat heightened colour. "This gentleman wants to hear about the pictures. Begin with Sir Marmaduke."

The old woman folded her hands, and sniffed. "Most gentry prefers to hear the description in order, Miss Winifred," she said reprovingly. "But I can begin with Sir Marmaduke, if required."

Cochrane protested that he would be charmed to begin with the Flood, if necessary; and that nothing could possibly interest him more than the whole pedigree and history of the owners of The Grange.

Mrs. Bridget, however, gathering herself together for a fresh start, plunged *in medias res*, and began afresh with Sir Marmaduke.

"The first portrait to the left of the throne," she said, "represents Sir Marmaduke Langtreys, born Anno Domini 1540, died Anno Domini 1616. Sir Marmaduke held the office of Sheriff of the County Anno Domini 1578, during which year he was knighted by Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit to Langtreys Grange. The portrait is supposed to be by Sir Antonio More."

Cochrane received this information with a perfectly grave—perhaps a too perfectly grave—countenance; for Miss Savage at once suspected him.

"Was Sir Antonio More a great painter?" she asked, turning to Lancelot.

"Very great indeed."

"And this is a bad picture?"

"Well—yes; it is a bad picture."

"I thought so. Bridget, you must never again say that Sir Marmaduke is supposed to be by Sir Antonio More. We don't suppose it. In fact, we are quite sure that it is nothing of the kind."

"I've been saying it for the last fifty years, Miss Winifred; and it has never been doubted till this moment," said Mrs. Bridget in an injured tone.

"If you had been saying it for the last hundred and fifty years, Bridget, it would make no difference."

"Then, if you please, Miss, what *am* I to say?"

Miss Savage turned an appealing look upon Lancelot.

"Say—'By an unknown artist,'" he suggested.

"Or by a sign-painter of the period. Wouldn't that be better?" Then, dropping her voice, she added with a sigh, "But what does it matter? It is perhaps the last time—poor old Bridget!"

Meanwhile that ancient damsel had passed on to the next picture.

"This," she was saying, "is the portrait of Sir Harry Langtreys, eldest son of Sir Marmaduke Langtreys, born Anno Domini 1574; married Anno Domini 1605 to the Lady Frances, fourth daughter of Anthony, Viscount Montacute; died Anno Domini 1639. Sir Harry Langtreys was one of the gentlemen dispatched to Gravesend, in 1612, to receive Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Mary of England. It was in commemoration of this event that Sir Harry received the honour of knighthood at the hands of His Most Sacred Majesty King James I."

Miss Savage hung back, and allowed Bridget and Mr. Cochrane to move on.

"Stay a moment, Lancelot," she said hurriedly. "You have heard all this before, and—and I have something to tell you."

"I too—I have something to tell you, Winifred," he replied; guessing what she was about to say. "May I speak first?"

She looked up, almost apprehensively.

"Yes—by all means," she said. "You don't look like the bearer of bad news. Mine is bad—and it will keep."

"No, it is not bad; but it is not pleasant. I mean—you won't approve of it."

The apprehensive look came back again into her face.

"Whatever it is, tell it to me at once," she said hastily.

"Well, then, I—that is to say, Marrables has been urging it upon me for the last year, you know—I have consented to prove poor Cuthbert's will."

"You mean that you are about to take the title?"

"Well—it amounts to that."

The colour rushed in a crimson tide to the girl's face, and as rapidly retreated.

"Oh, Lancelot!" she said reproachfully.

"I know—I know; but what could I do? It must have come, sooner or later; and it was so clearly my duty. You don't know with what reluctance I have consented."

"Your duty! Your duty to whom?"

"To the tenantry—to the legatees—to a host of people who are wronged by the delay. Dear Winifred, don't blame me too hastily. To hold back longer would have been unjust—unjust to Cuthbert's memory—unjust even to yourself?"

"Unjust to me? How can that be? What have I to do with it?"

"You have a great deal to do with it. You are one of the legatees."

"I?"

"Yes; one of the principal legatees. I had no right to tell you till—till we gave up all hope; but Cuthbert has left you a considerable sum—twelve thousand pounds."

He could not resist watching the effect of his words; and yet he felt as if he ought to have looked away.

For a moment she stared at him incredulously. Then a sudden look of relief, of thankfulness, flashed into her face; and then her eyes filled with tears.

"He was always good to me," she said tremulously.

"He was always good to every one," replied Lancelot. "How, then, should he not be good to you? But he would have left you more, Winifred—something else—something of far greater value than twelve thousand pounds. It was his intention, if fate . . ."

"Don't tell me, please," interrupted Miss Savage. "I am glad it is no more. It is already too much—more than I deserve."

"Nay, I am bound to tell you, if but in justice to his memory."

(Continued on page 424)

people who are in a position to employ and pay a private practitioner if they thought proper to do so. A common argument in support of this view is, that day after day, and at all the metropolitan hospitals, quite a large number of male and female individuals may be seen crowding the outdoor patients' department, respectfully attired, and, judged by their appearance, far removed above that state of penury to which the great medical and surgical charities are intended to apply. There is always danger, however, in relying too confidently on "appearances." It is a mistake to suppose that the pinching of the shoe of poverty is confined to those who dwell in the "back settlements" of our towns and cities. A man may reside in a decent neighbourhood, clothe himself and his children passably well, owe nothing to butcher or baker, and yet be less each morning to the City by omnibus or tram, and yet be less able to spare half-a-crown for a bottle of medicine than the man whose badge of labour is out-at-elbows fustian or patched

corduroy. There are thousands of poor fellows who follow so-called genteel callings, and who appear in public in a black coat, and a well-brushed hat, and polished boots, and who may perhaps even affect kid gloves, who are able to make such a respectable show by the practice, at home as well as abroad, of such rigid economy as leaves them not the breadth of a single shilling of "margin." It may be perfectly true, also, that amongst out-door hospital applicants there are seen women dressed in a way that contrasts strikingly with the ragged shawls and tattered skirts of others with whom they wait in the hospital lobby for their "turn," but it should not be forgotten that in these days, in the general labour market, it is not the skilled or professional worker who commands the highest wages. The washerwoman and scullery drudge would scorn such remuneration as is gratefully accepted by the daily governess or the pianoforte teacher. The hospital impostor, clearly proved to be such, should be punished just as the man who under false pretences obtains parish

relief is punished; but we should remember that many a dressed poor fellow who avails himself of the benefits to be obtained at St. Bartholomew's or Guy's may have, buttoned up beneath his well-kept black coat, a heart-load of trouble, lest the sickness which besets him should incapacitate him from earning that precious guinea which, eked out with wonderful "management," may feed and clothe wife and children, and to "keep up appearances."

A FEMININE BLUEBEARD is now living in Arkansas, U.S., her fourteenth husband. The memory of her departed husband kept green in the hall of her house by thirteen pegs, on each of which hangs a hat duly labelled as the property of a defunct husband.

THE THEATRES OF THE UNITED STATES number 350, and concert halls 120. There are 150 regular travelling companies, variety companies, 68 companies formed to support star, and 7 resident stock companies.

ANNE PRATT'S FLOWERING
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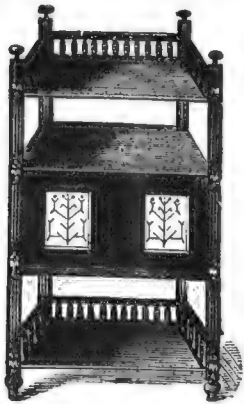
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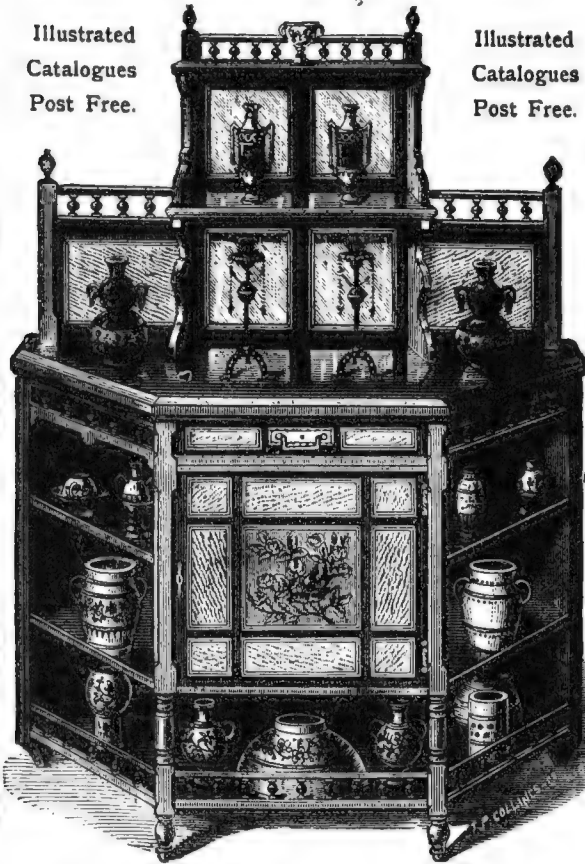
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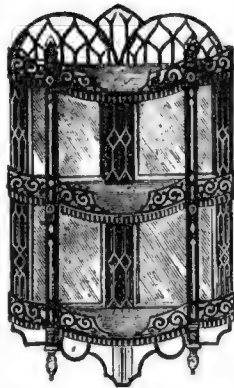
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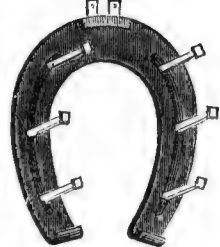
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ALL BEDDING MANUFACTURED
ON THE PREMISES,
AND WARRANTED PURE.

200 BEDROOM SUITES,
From 6½ to 200 Guineas, in stock

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The exquisite patterns used in the production of these beautiful goods are simply perfect. The best talent in the Art World of Paris has been requisitioned to supply some of the designs, which are really lovely and quite a study for a painter. Ask for French Pompadour in writing for patterns, as there are a large variety, and these are distinct goods. 11½d. to 6½d. per yard.

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Cashmeres and Merinos, 20 in. wide, 15½d. per yard. Merinos and Cashmeres, 45 in. wide, 18½d. per yard. Cashmeres and Merinos, 48 in. wide, 28½d. per yard. Cashmeres, 40 in. wide, 25½d. per yard.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN ENGLAND.

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THE PILLS purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. THE OINTMENT is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, and rheumatism.



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Indian Layette (a speciality), £31 os. 4d.

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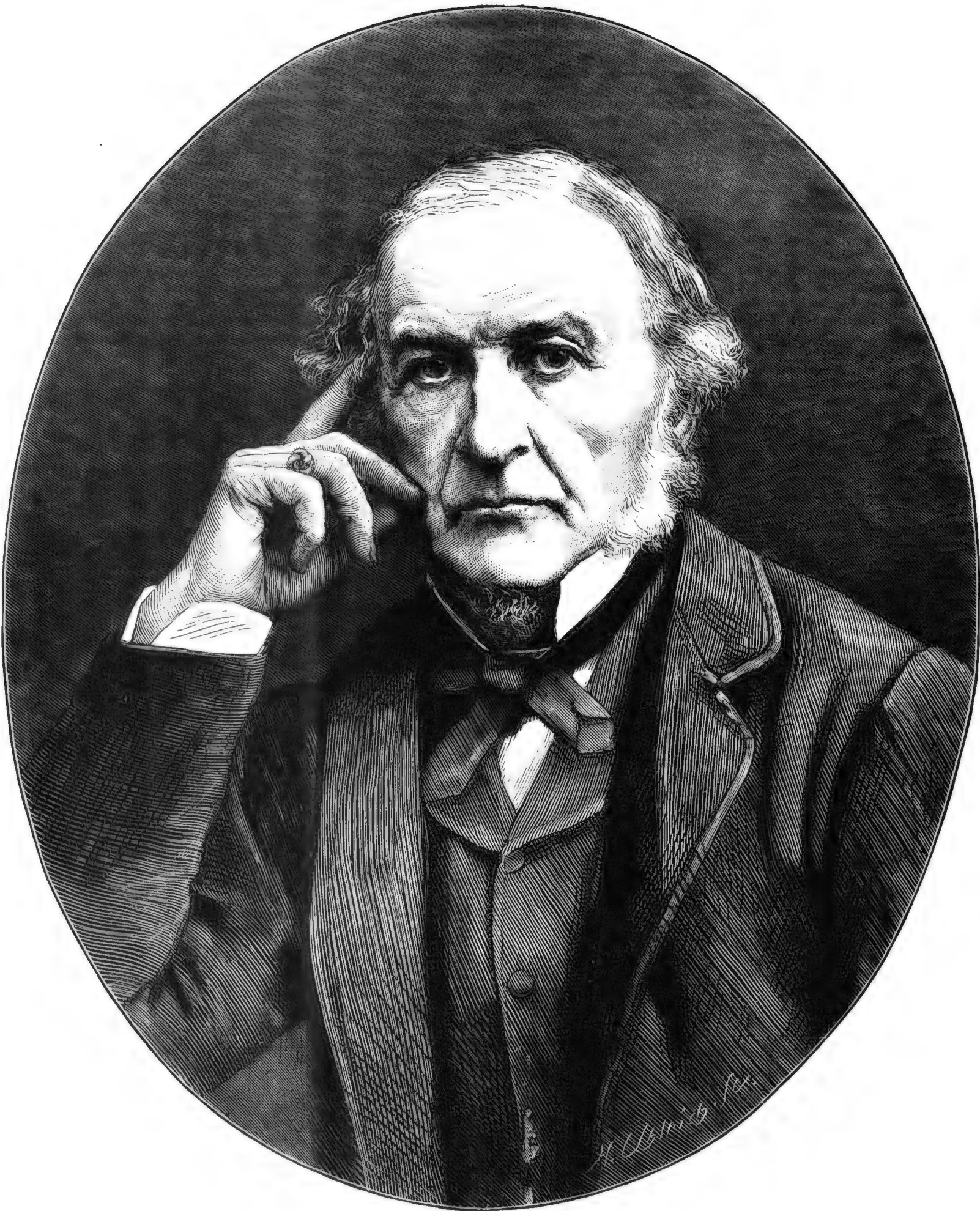
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THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE:

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

THE FAMILY TREE

MR. GLADSTONE was born at Liverpool on the 29th of December, 1809. Sir Bernard Burke, who has great success in tracing far-reaching lineages for men who achieve greatness, has been able to find the blood of Henry III. of England and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, in the veins of the great Liberal statesman. We may be satisfied with knowing that Mr. Gladstone came of a substantial middle-class Scotch family, whose work, being always well done, prospered in their hands. Mr. Gladstone's father was a merchant in Liverpool, whither he had gone from Leith, where Thomas Gladstone, grandfather of William, was a corn merchant. The Gladstones have, as far as records go, been remarkable for large families. Mr. Gladstone's great grandfather (who, by the way, spelt his name "Gladstones") had eleven children. His fourth son, Thomas, had sixteen; and it will best indicate the social and commercial position of Mr. Gladstone's grandfather to record the fact that he was able to "do something" for his seven surviving sons as they successively started in business.

John Gladstone, the father of William Ewart, did not hide his talent in a napkin. At an early age he settled in Liverpool as a sort of clerk in the house of Corrie and Co., a firm in which he presently became a partner. When, some sixteen years later, the firm of Corrie, Gladstone, and Bradshaw was dissolved, John Gladstone took into partnership his brother Robert, and began with fresh ardour to extend his commercial operations. The new firm were amongst the earliest traders with Russia, and they snatched at the East India trade when the monopoly of the old East India Company was broken down. But their principal business was with the West Indies, where John Gladstone held large sugar plantations—a circumstance which, as we shall see, had a good deal to do with moulding the early political career of his illustrious son.

The Gladstones as a family always had a superabundance of energy, which carried their action beyond the limits of their private concerns. We find some of the earlier heads of the family responsible Kirk elders. John Gladstone, brought into contact at a critical epoch with the active life of a growing community like that of Liverpool, soon began to take a prominent part in public affairs. When in 1812 Canning fought a famous election in Liverpool, John Gladstone threw himself heart and soul into the advocacy of the cause of the great Minister. He addressed public meetings on his behalf, and it was from the balcony of his house in Rodney Street that Mr. Canning spoke to the enthusiastic crowd who, as the result of the election, hailed him Member for Liverpool.

There was in the house at the time a little boy destined to fill a larger space in history even than Canning. William Ewart Gladstone was in his third year at this time, and doubtless from some upper window looked out with wondering eyes on the turbulent crowd, and heard the Minister talking of Catholic Emancipation and other strange matters. In fact, we have his personal testimony on this interesting point. On the 29th December, 1879, on the occasion of his reaching his seventieth year, Mr. Gladstone received at Hawarden a deputation of Liverpool gentlemen who brought hearty congratulations and a costly present. In the course of his acknowledgment the right honourable gentleman said:—"You have referred to my connection with Liverpool, and it has happened to me singularly enough to have the incidents of my personality, the association of my personality, if I may so speak, curiously divided between the Scotch extraction, which is purely and absolutely Scotch as to every drop of blood in my veins, and, on the other hand, a nativity in Liverpool, which is the scene of my earliest recollections. And very early those recollections are, for I remember, gentlemen, what none of you could possibly recollect. I remember the first election of Mr. Canning in Liverpool."

It is a far cry from 1812 to 1879, and the review becomes the more imposing when we reflect what a foremost part Mr. Gladstone has taken in moulding the momentous events that have happened between the two dates.

FATHER AND BRETHREN

John Gladstone himself entered Parliament some years later. I do not know whether he heard the maiden speech of the Member for Newark, but he certainly sat in the same Parliament with his son, and lived long enough to see the magnificent promise of his youth partially realised. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel, partly in recognition of his own merit, but doubtless in compliment to the brilliant young colleague who was the bright particular star of his Ministry, made the elder Gladstone a baronet. Six years later, in the year of the Great Exhibition, Sir John died, full of years and honours and riches.

His title went to Thomas, his eldest son, now the only surviving brother of the subject of this sketch. No one out of the limits of the county of Kincardine knows or hears of Sir Thomas Gladstone. Sometimes during the Parliamentary Session people passing through the lobby of the House of Commons are startled at the sight of a tall, spare figure, with a face singularly like Mr. Gladstone's, if one could imagine it with the fire gone out. A quiet, retiring country gentleman, Sir Thomas Gladstone flits about the precincts of the House of Commons, silent, unnoticing, and unnoticed—a sort of wraith of his brother. There was another brother, who till recently lived in Liverpool, and maintained the commercial relations of the Gladstone family. This was Robertson, a man who, though he took a fair share of the work of local government in the town, rarely aspired to deal with affairs outside the limits of the borough. There was an occasion, not likely to be forgotten by Mr. Gladstone's detractors, when Robertson, moved with honest indignation and fraternal love, employed a maladroit trope when discussing the public position of his brother. After this he was confirmed in his natural inclination towards retirement from participation in political affairs, and in 1875 there passed away from human sight for all time the colossal burly figure which, with hands hidden in stupendous waistcoat pockets, long strode the streets of Liverpool.

We have hardly got William Ewart Gladstone out of petticoats yet, but having gone thus far in detailed description of his family belongings it may be convenient finally to dispose of the subject. In 1839 he married Miss Catherine Glynne, daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire—to-day, perhaps, the most familiar postal address in the world. He has had eight children. One, the second daughter, died in 1850. His eldest daughter is married to the head master of Wellington College, and two younger are unmarried. Of the four sons one sat in the last House of Commons as member for Whitby, and now represents East Worcestershire, one is the Rector of Hawarden, one is in a merchant's office, and one (who lately unsuccessfully contested Middlesex) remains at home. A singularly modest record this of the family of one of the most illustrious statesmen, and, but recently, the powerful Minister of a nation whose wealth is illimitable, and whose power reaches to the ends of the earth. We are happily so accustomed in England to find our statesmen free from the charge of nepotism that we take Mr. Gladstone's innocence as a matter of course. But few more suggestive chapters in his history could be written than that which shows the son of a man who has made many Bishops Rector of the family parish in Flintshire, that one of his daughters is married to a schoolmaster, and that another of his sons is at an office desk.

SCHOOL DAYS

MR. GLADSTONE had not yet reached his twelfth birthday when he arrived at Eton. The date of his entry in the schoolbooks is September, 1821. Among his contemporaries was that Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and missionary in New Zealand, to whose splendid life his old schoolfellow recently paid a glowing tribute. Mackworth Praed, Chauncey Hare Townshend, F. H. Doyle, and A. H. Hallam were also at Eton with Mr. Gladstone. The lad learnt all that was to be learned in the Eton of those days. School studies left him many spare hours, and his restless energy found more or less adequate channels of escape in literature. He started a College journal, the *Eton Miscellany*, and chiefly wrote it himself. He was equal to either prose or verse, embarking *inter alia* upon a tremendous poem laudatory of Richard Cœur de Lion. There are some lines in this schoolboy flight which, without violence, might be adapted to Mr. Gladstone's recent outbreak from a briefly enforced state of quietude. "Who foremost now?" the jacketed small boy asks in this tremendous poem—

Who foremost now the deadly spear to dart,
And strike the jav'lin to the Moslem's heart,
Who foremost now to climb the leaguered wall,
The first to triumph or the first to fall?

But the young poet of this date had no prophetic vision of the future. His thoughts were full of Richard "stalking along the blood-dyed plain" and "bathing his hands in Moslem blood."

The youth left Eton in 1827, and after studying for two years with Dr. Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, he went to Christ Church, Oxford. How well he worked is evidenced by the fact that, going up for examination in 1831, he gained the highest honours of the University, graduating Double First Class. Naturally he was attracted during his residence in the University by the opportunities of debate offered by the Oxford Union, in which he rapidly rose to the

proud position of President. The outer world at this time was moved by the passion of Parliamentary Reform. Lord John Russell had just brought forward in the House of Commons the first Ministerial Measure of Reform. The Oxford Union had, of course, something to say on this momentous question, and it is interesting to find in the minutes of the Club an amendment moved by William Ewart Gladstone, to the effect that "The Ministry has unwisely introduced and most unscrupulously forwarded a measure which threatens not only to change our form of government, but ultimately to break up the very foundation of social order, as well as materially to forward the views of those who are pursuing this project throughout the civilised world."

MEMBER FOR NEWARK

MR. GLADSTONE was in Italy when the summons came in obedience to which he placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder of fame. It was the year 1832. The Reform Bill had just been passed, and the United Kingdom was in the throes of expectation as to what might follow on the summoning of the first Reformed Parliament. It was the Duke of Newcastle, registered owner of the borough of Newark, who was immediately instrumental in bringing Mr. Gladstone into the House of Commons. In a conversation which took place upon the hustings on the day of nomination, there is something eminently characteristic of Mr. Gladstone as we know him in these days. A matter-of-fact elector, who probably did not rent his house or shop from the Duke, asked the young candidate "Whether he was not the Duke of Newcastle's nominee?" This was an exceedingly embarrassing question. If the candidate said "No," he would be convicted within every man's knowledge of a falsehood. If he said "Yes," what a farce was this nomination and bustle at the poll! But Mr. Gladstone, though an exceedingly young bird at this date, was not to be caught by chaff. He asked the hon. elector to do him the favour of defining the term nominee. The unwary elector fell into the trap, and Mr. Gladstone was, of course, able to declare that in such a sense he was *not* the Duke's nominee. As a matter-of-fact he certainly was, and the preponderance of the Duke's influence was indicated by his being returned at the head of the poll.

HIS FIRST ELECTION ADDRESS

THE space at my disposal will not permit of any lengthy excerpts from Mr. Gladstone's writings or speeches. But an exception may be made in respect of his address to the electors of Newark, which I find preserved in the industrious and valuable compilation of Mr. G. B. Smith, a work in which all future biographers of the right hon. gentleman will gratefully dig for material.* This address has its value as indicating precisely the political platform from which the great social, religious, and political Liberator sprang. It is also interesting as showing how this marvellously subtle mind is able to make the worse appear the better reason, and how ingeniously he argues to convince the electors of Newark and himself. The document, which is dated 9th October, 1832, runs thus:—

"Having now completed my canvass I think it my duty as well to remind you of the principles on which I have solicited your votes, as freely to assure my friends that its result has placed my success beyond a doubt. I have not requested your favour on the ground of adherence to the opinions of any man or party, further than such adherence can be fairly understood from the conviction I have not hesitated to avow, that we must watch and resist that uninquiring and indiscriminating desire for change amongst us, which threatens to produce, along with partial good, a melancholy preponderance of mischief, which I am persuaded would aggravate beyond computation the deep-seated evils of our social state, and the heavy burthens of our industrial classes, which, by disturbing our peace, destroys confidence, and strikes at the root of prosperity. Thus it has done already; and thus we must therefore believe it will do. For the mitigation of those evils we must, I think, look not only to particular measures, but to the restoration of sounder general principles. I mean especially that principle on which alone the incorporation of Religion with the State, in our Constitution, can be defended; that the duties of governors are strictly and peculiarly religious, and that legislatures, like individuals, are bound to carry throughout their acts the spirit of the high truths they have acknowledged. Principles are now arrayed against our institutions, and not by truckling nor by temporising—not by oppression nor corruption—but by principles they must be met. Among their first result should be a sedulous and special attention to the interests of the poor, founded upon the rule that those who are the least able to take care of

* "The Life of W. E. Gladstone," by G. B. Smith. 2 vols.: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

themselves should be most regarded by others. Particularly it is a duty to endeavour by every means that labour may receive adequate remuneration; which unhappily, among several classes of our fellow-countrymen, is not now the case. Whatever measures, therefore, whether by correction of the Poor Laws, allotment of cottage grounds, or otherwise, tend to promote this object, I deem entitled to the warmest support, with all such as are calculated to secure sound moral conduct in any class of society. I proceed to the momentous question of slavery, which I have found entertained among you in that candid and temperate spirit which alone befits its nature, or promises to remove its difficulties. If I have not recognised the right of an irresponsible society to interpose between me and the electors, it has not been from any disrespect to its members, nor from unwillingness to answer theirs (*sic*) or any other questions on which the electors may desire to know my views. To the esteemed secretary of the society I submitted my reasons for silence; and I made a point of stating these views to him, in his character of a voter. As regards the abstract lawfulness of slavery, I acknowledge it simply as importing the right of one man to the labour of another; and I rest it upon the fact that Scripture, the paramount authority upon such a point, gives directions to the persons standing in the relation of master to slave for their conduct in the relation; whereas, were the matter absolutely and necessarily sinful, it would not regulate the manner. Assuming sin as the cause of degradation, it strives, and strives most effectually, to cure the latter by extirpating the former. We are agreed that both the physical and the moral bondage of the slave are to be abolished. The question is as to the order, and the order only; now Scripture attacks the moral evil before the temporal one, and the temporal through the moral one, and I am content with the order which Scripture has established. To this end, I desire to see immediately set on foot, by impartial and sovereign authority, an universal and efficient system of Christian instruction—not intended to resist designs of individual piety and wisdom—for the religious improvement of the negroes, but to do thoroughly what they can only do partially. As regards immediate emancipation, whether with or without compensation, there are several minor reasons against it; but that which weighs with me is, that it would, I much fear, exchange evils now affecting the negro for others which are weightier—for a relapse into deeper debasement, if not for bloodshed and internal war. Let fitness be made a condition for emancipation; and let us strive to bring him to that fitness by the shortest possible course. Let him enjoy the means of earning his freedom through honest industrious habits; thus the same instruments which attain his liberty shall likewise render him competent to use it; and thus I earnestly trust, without risk of blood, without violation of property, with unimpaired benefit to the negro, and with the utmost speed which prudence will admit, we shall arrive at that exceedingly desirable consummation, the utter extinction of slavery. And now, gentlemen, as regards the enthusiasm with which you have rallied round your ancient flag, and welcomed the humble representative of those principles whose emblem it is, I trust that neither the lapse of time, nor the seductions of prosperity, can efface it from my memory. To my opponents my acknowledgments are due for the good humour and kindness with which they have received me; and while I would thank my friends for their zealous and unwearied exertions in my favour, I briefly, but emphatically, assure them that if promises be an adequate foundation of confidence, or experience a reasonable ground of calculation, our victory is sure."

IN PARLIAMENT

MR. GLADSTONE'S maiden speech was made in defence of the domestic institution of slavery. This was a burning question at the time he entered Parliament, and his views were naturally tinged by the circumstance that his father owned many slaves in Demerara. To denounce the institution of slavery was to impugn the humanity of his father. In fact a personal reference had been made to Mr. John Gladstone in the course of the debate on the abolition of slavery. We next find him appearing as the advocate of that estimable body of politicians, the Freemen of Liverpool, who were threatened with extinction consequent upon a too open exercise of their alleged right to do what they liked with their own—that is to say, to get as much as possible for their votes. We further find this uncompromising young Tory resisting an attempt to deal with the temporalities of the Church of Ireland, and opposing Mr. Hume in his effort to open the Universities to Nonconformists.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTERS

SIR ROBERT PEEL had quietly noted the young Member for Newark, and when, in the last days of 1834, the Right Hon. Baronet undertook to form a Ministry in succession to that of Lord Melbourne, he offered Mr. Gladstone the post of Junior Lord of the Treasury. This was a tolerable success for a young man in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and at the close of his second Parliamentary Session. But it was the prelude to even more rapid advancement. Parliament had scarcely met for the Session of 1835 when he was installed in the office of Under Secretary for the Colonies, and lost no time in bringing in his first Bill,—a measure designed to improve the condition of passengers in merchant vessels. The Ministry was, however, too short-lived for this humble effort to be added to the accomplishments of the Statute Book. Mr. Gladstone's young hopes received a

temporary blow from contact with the question of the Irish Church, which has exercised so important an influence on later stages of his career. It was on a Resolution containing the nucleus of the Irish Church Bill of 1869 that the first Ministry of which he formed a member was defeated, and forced to resign.

"THE RISING HOPE OF THE TORIES"

FOR the next five or six years Mr. Gladstone remained in Opposition with his great chief. But though out of office he was not idle. He spoke frequently in debates, and the growth of his position in the country is testified to by the fact that in 1837, being in his twenty-eighth year, he was invited to stand as the Tory candidate for Manchester. He declined, but was nevertheless run, and polled a considerable number of votes. It was at this period of his career that Lord Macaulay described him in a famous sentence as "a young man of unblemished character and of distinguished Parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow reluctantly and mutinously a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor." This was, as every one knows, written *apropos* of Mr. Gladstone's essay on "The State in its Relations with the Church," a work the theory of which Macaulay has described as based upon the proposition that the propagation of religious truth is one of the chief ends of government. This pious political tract gave great joy to Oxford, to which "fountain of blessings spiritual, social, and intellectual" it was dedicated. Oxford did not forget the compliment when, eight years later, a change in the political opinions of the member for Newark necessitated his looking out for another seat. In other directions than that of literature and the Church the rising hope of the stern unbending Tories justified the description of the *Edinburgh Reviewer*. We find him at this period lending the weight of his eloquence and the force of his genius to stopping the progress of Reform in whatever direction it was urged. He opposed a Ministerial scheme for dealing with the Church Rates in deference to the views of Dissenters. He passionately defended negro apprenticeship, the last vestige of slavery permitted in the West Indies. He opposed a scheme of national education in which, as Lord Morpeth put it, "it was declared to be the duty of the State to provide education for Dissenters so long as it fingered their gold," and he fought hard in the long battle against the Bill designed to remove the civil disabilities of Jews. He was always thorough, and being in these days of partially developed intelligence a Tory, he was, to borrow a phrase of Dick Swiveller's friend the Marchioness, "a nout-an'-nouter."

A DUAL OFFICE

IN 1841 Sir Robert Peel was back in power, bringing with him the "young man of unblemished character," whom Lord Macaulay, perhaps not altogether without spite, spoke of as a rival, but in whom the large-minded statesman saw nothing but a promising pupil and friend. Mr. Gladstone had again been returned as Member for Newark, this time as the colleague of Lord John Manners. In the Ministry he held two offices, that of Master of the Mint and Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

In the recently-published memorials of Charlotte Williams Wynn we find a remark on this circumstance which throws a strong side light on the public recognition of Mr. Gladstone's character at this epoch. Writing to Baron Varnhagen von Ense, under date "London, 18th November, 1841," Miss Williams Wynn reports: "They say Mr. Gladstone has been given two offices in order, if possible, to keep him quiet, and by giving him too much to do to prevent him from troubling his head about the Church. But I know it will be in vain, for, to a speculative mind like his, theology is a far more inviting and extensive field than any offered by the Board of Trade."

This is a shrewd estimation of character, the full accomplishment of which the charming letter-writer would have witnessed had she lived five years longer, and seen Mr. Gladstone, just freed from the Imperial cares of office, gleefully buckle on his armour to do battle with the Pope for the vanquishing of the Vatican. In the mean time he found plenty to do in his dual office.

The Session of 1842 was the one which saw Sir Robert Peel bring in his new sliding scale of Corn Duties, a slide which swiftly led to the total abolition of the impost. Closely connected with the comprehensive Free Trade policy into which the Premier was drifting was the Revision of the Tariff, a Herculean task peculiarly adapted to the genius of Mr. Gladstone. This was his opportunity for bringing into play that statesman-like view of a wide field combined with that consummate mastery of details which subsequently marked his Budgets. His speeches had already established for him the position of a debater, and even of an orator. His Tariffs Bill and his conduct in Committee stamped him as a statesman.

In the following year (1843) he became head of his department, and as President of the Board of Trade he carried, *inter alia*, an important Bill controlling the then young domestic institution of railways. Since the year 1843 Mr. Gladstone has done so much for the people that his comparatively minor achievements are lost sight of. It is nevertheless interesting to recall the fact that he was the author of the Parliamentary train which travels the full length of all lines twice a day at a fare of one penny a mile—perhaps a more useful work than his essay on "The State

in its Relations with the Church," or even his pamphlet on "Vaticanism."

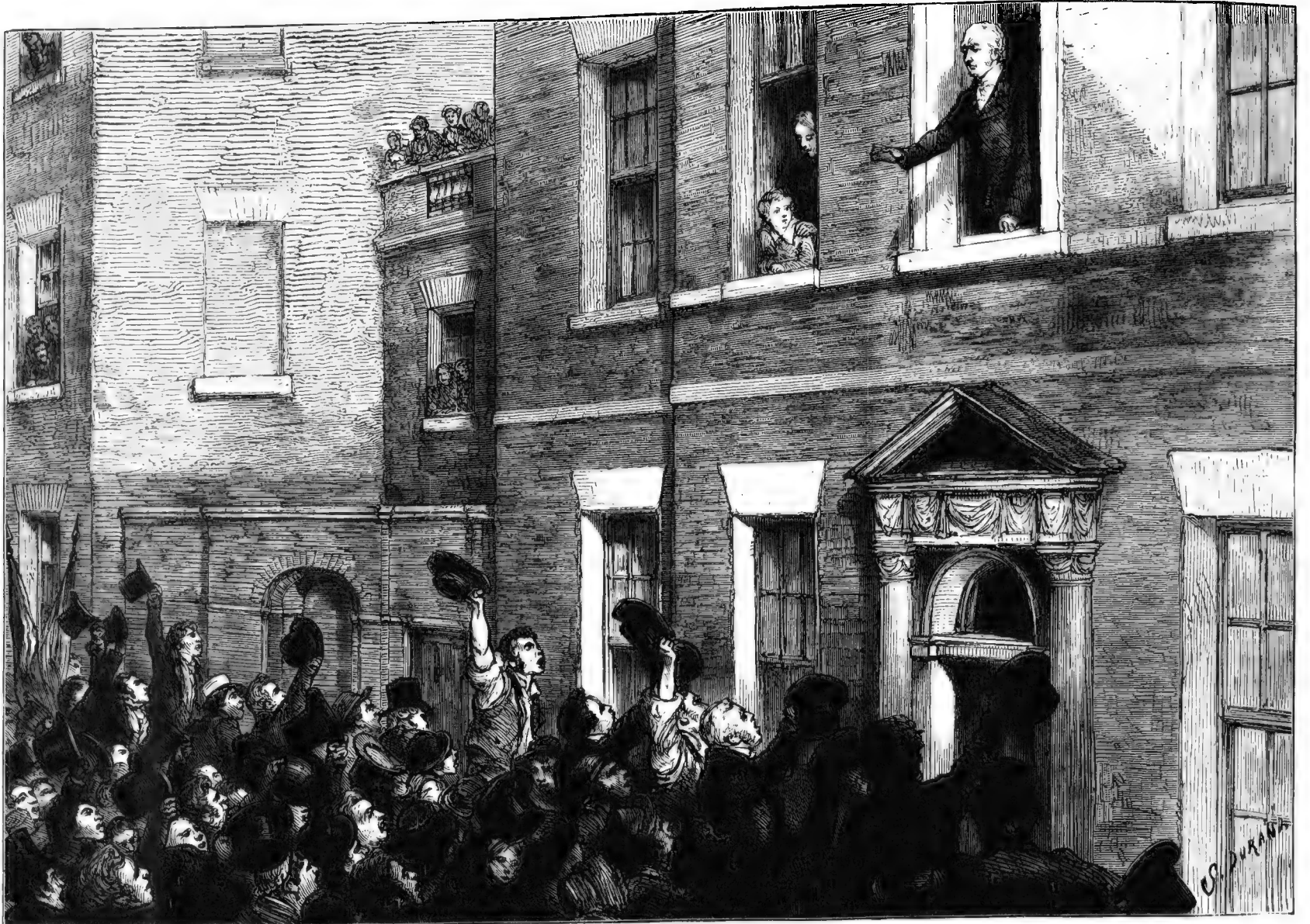
In 1845 the Government, having determined to bring in a Bill dealing with Maynooth College in a way that did not satisfy Mr. Gladstone's sound Church principles, he resigned, checking for a moment his brilliant advance. But he was not a man whom Sir Robert Peel could long spare from his side. Early next year he returned to the Ministry as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and, what was even more important, pledged to go the full length of Sir Robert Peel's Free Trade policy, which now reached the point of the abolition of the Corn Laws. This progress, carrying him far beyond the halting steps of the Duke of Newcastle, necessitated the resignation of his seat for Newark. Thereafter, for the whole of this important Session, and during the greater part of the next, he remained without a seat. When he returned as Member for Oxford the Corn Law Repeal Act was passed; Sir Robert Peel, having done his work, was relegated to the Opposition benches, and the Whigs had a lease of power.

A QUIET TIME

IN 1850 Sir Robert Peel died, and it seemed to some of those who had lived and worked with this supreme man that any subsequent attempts to form a good Government for England would be hopeless. The turbulent individuality of some of his lieutenants might for a time be merged in his stronger will and more transcendent power. But he gone, who was to lead men like Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Sidney Herbert? They would belong to neither party, and standing aloof, their ability acknowledged and their motives above suspicion, they probably exercised more influence on the House of Commons than either group on the two front benches. In the winter of this year Mr. Gladstone, going to Naples for a holiday, saw something of the condition of prison life under that enlightened monarch Ferdinand II. Throwing himself with his accustomed energy into this cause, Mr. Gladstone, through the medium of letters addressed to Lord Aberdeen, then Premier, succeeding in arousing not only in England, but throughout Europe, a storm of indignation against what the then Editor of the faithful *Univers* called "le plus digne et le meilleur des Rois." The immediate result of this chivalrous advocacy was not commensurate with the storm it aroused. But it bore fruit when Garibaldi and a free people marched into Naples, and King Bomba, his priests, his women, and his Court, ran out.

OPPORTUNITY

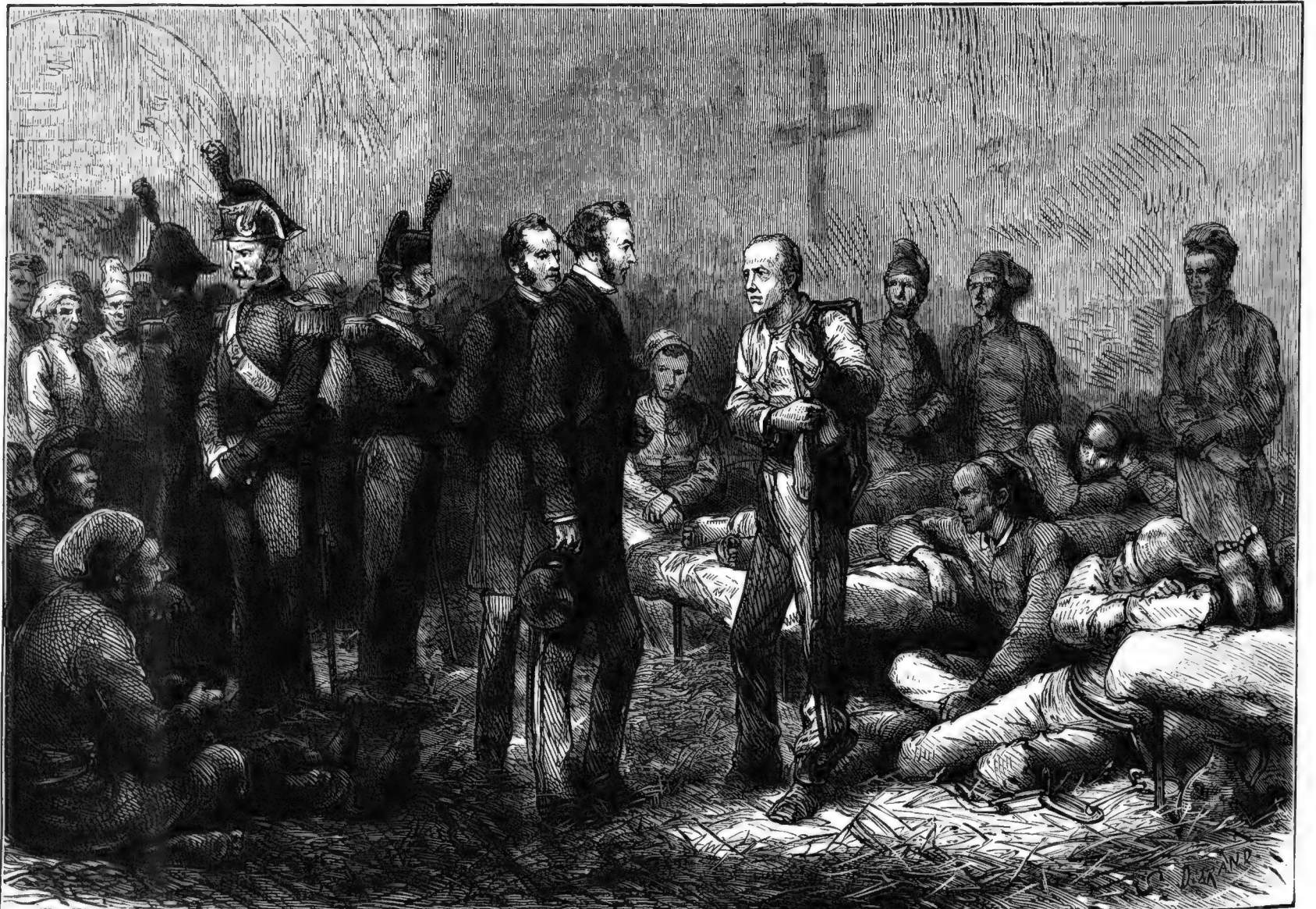
If Mr. Gladstone had died before 1853 he would have been accounted a brilliant politician cut off before the ripeness of years had brought him fulness of opportunity. He had done great things, but their character was rather critical than constructive. He had spoken brilliantly, but had not achieved anything likely to secure him permanent fame. In 1853, however, the square peg was happily thrust into the square hole, and Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer. His remarkable ability for dealing with figures, and evolving a comprehensive scheme out of a multiplicity of details, had been shown in the Tariffs Bill already alluded to. In 1852 he showed in stronger light his mastery over the science of National Finance. At this epoch Lord Derby was Premier and Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The latter had introduced his first Budget in an elaborate speech extending over five hours and a quarter, and which, unless it greatly differed from all his orations of similar proportions, must have been intolerably heavy. To one listener, however, it possessed a keen and enthralling interest. Mr. Gladstone had not, up to this period, entered upon that constant attitude of personal antagonism with Mr. Disraeli which subsequent events and relative positions created. He had answered and been answered by him in the course of debate. But the House and the country had not as yet come to look with keen interest for what might follow upon a conflict between these two men, who have no possession in common except genius. Circumstances, however, were rapidly tending towards the creation of the condition of affairs we are now familiar with. Mr. Gladstone could never forgive Mr. Disraeli's bitter attacks on his old friend and master, Sir Robert Peel, and had loudly cheered Sidney Herbert when, in a moment of passionate indignation, that gentleman had pointed to the Treasury Bench, where now prosperously sat the detractor of the great Free Trader, and asked the House to behold in him "a spectacle of humiliation." When Mr. Disraeli essayed to deal with finance Mr. Gladstone with fierce delight sprang upon him, and gripped him so sorely that he made an end of him, his Budget, and the Ministry of which he was the prop. Lord Derby resigned, and Lord Aberdeen, being called upon to form a Ministry, invited Mr. Gladstone to take the office out of which he had driven Mr. Disraeli. His acceptance of the offer finally marked his passage across the great gulf which separates Toryism from Liberalism. Lord Aberdeen was far removed from what we in these days should call a Liberal. Still he was certainly not a Tory—was, indeed, at the other end of the stick, inasmuch as the Tories being out, he was called upon to succeed them, and had for colleague Lord John Russell. Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Liberalism had been slow but certain. He was gradually seeing light whilst yet a member of the avowedly Conservative Government of Sir Robert Peel. When the shepherd died, and the fold was broken up, he declined overtures made to him by Lord



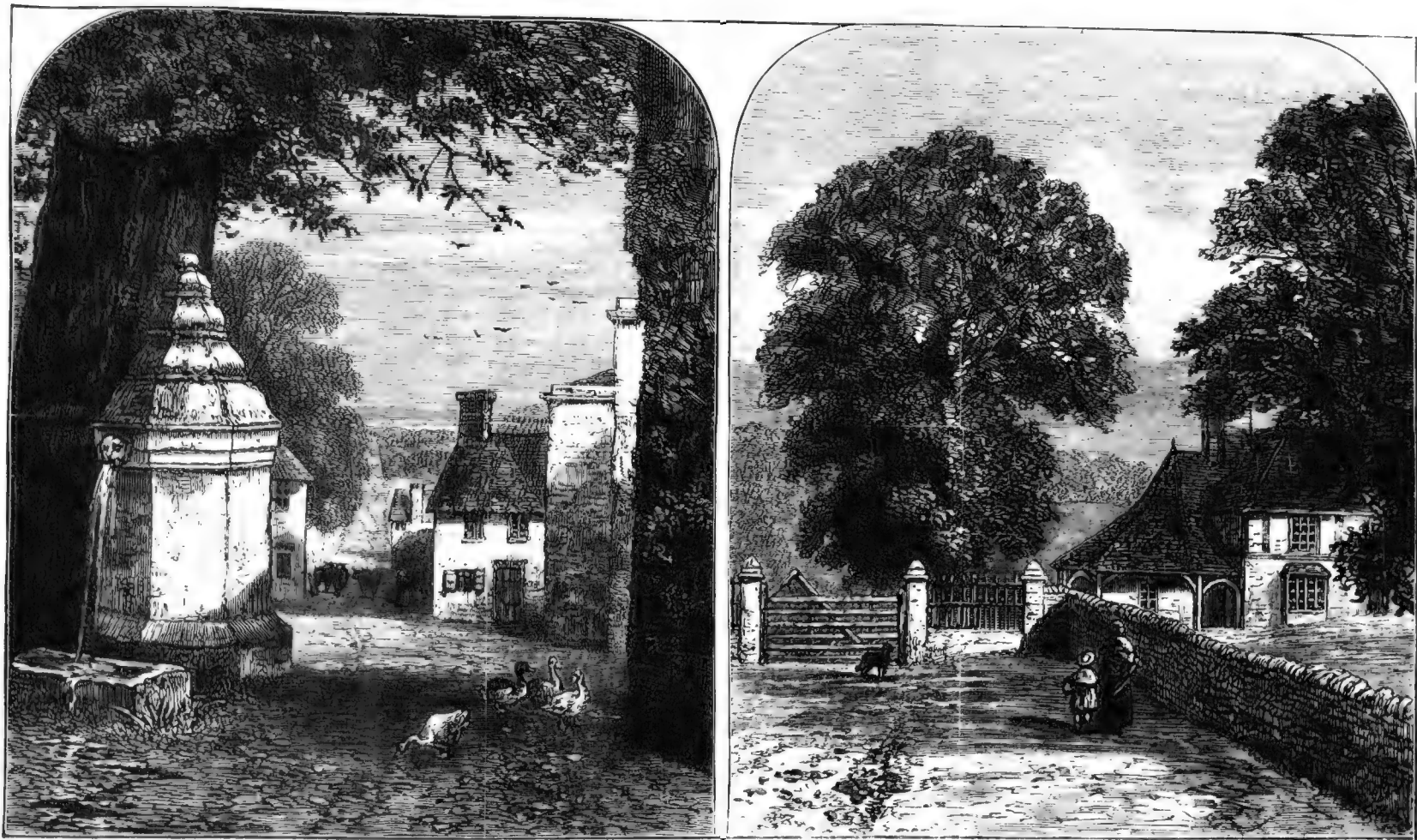
THE LIVERPOOL ELECTION, 1812

"I remember, Gentlemen, what none of you could possibly recollect, I remember the first election of Mr. Canning in Liverpool."

Mr. Gladstone speaking at Hawarden on his 70th Birthday, Dec. 29th, 1879.



NAPLES UNDER KING BOMBA — MR. GLADSTONE VISITING THE POLITICAL PRISONERS IN 1850



VIEW FROM HAWARDEN OVERLOOKING THE ESTUARY OF THE DEE

HAWARDEN LODGE, ON THE CHESTER AND NORTHOP ROAD, ONE MILE FROM THE CASLE



A HOLIDAY TASK AT HAWARDEN, 1877

NOTES AT HAWARDEN

Derby to join the Ministry formed in 1853, nominally as successor to the heritage of Sir Robert Peel. He long stood aloof from both parties; probably the fact that Mr. Disraeli had come to be accepted as a high priest to Toryism added the last impulse to his conviction that Toryism was a thing not to be desired or encouraged. Accordingly he formally ranged himself in the Liberal ranks.

HIS BUDGETS

ON the 18th of April, 1853, Mr. Gladstone delivered the first of what has proved to be a long series of Budget speeches unsurpassed in Parliamentary history. There are some members in the present House who have a vivid recollection of this occasion. Expectation stood on tiptoe. The House was crowded in every part, and it remained crowded and tireless, whilst for the space of five hours Mr. Gladstone poured forth a flood of oratory which made arithmetic astonishingly easy, and gave an unaccustomed grace to statistics. Merely as an oratorical display the speech was a rare treat to the crowded Assembly that heard it, and to the innumerable company which some hours later read it. But the form was rendered doubly enchanting by the substance. It was clear that Mr. Gladstone could not only adorn the exposition of finance with the gifts of oratory, but he could control the developments of finance with a master hand. His scheme was a bold one, and of a kind altogether different from a succession recently commended to public notice. The young and untried Chancellor of the Exchequer found himself with a surplus of something over three-quarters of a million. This was not much. But it was enough to have made things pleasant in one or two influential quarters, and he might have hoped for a fuller purse next year. To have taken this course, to have dribbled away the surplus, and practically to have left matters where they stood, would moreover have saved him an infinitude of trouble, and relieved him from a tremendous risk. Scorning these considerations, and plunging into the troubled sea with the confident daring of genius, he positively increased taxation, chiefly by manipulation of the Income Tax, and was thereby enabled in a wholesale manner that seems scarcely less than magical to reduce or absolutely abolish the duties on nearly 300 articles of commerce or daily use. Of course the secret of the financier's magic lay in that sound principle which he may be said to have inaugurated in British finance, and under the extended application of which trade and commerce have advanced with leaps and bounds. He reckoned upon that property in national finance which is known as the "elasticity of revenue," and which is now safely, and as a matter of calculation, counted upon presently to make good deficiencies immediately accruing upon reduction of taxation. There is nothing remarkable in the adoption of this principle now, any more than there is in the application of a lighted match to a gas burner when we want light in a darkened room. But in 1853 the experiment was as novel and its results as surprising as would have been the introduction of a blazing gas chandelier in the House of Commons when William Pitt was explaining his Budget of 1783. Perhaps the most remarkable thing in connection with Mr. Gladstone's first Budget was the confidence with which its predictions were accepted. Everywhere it was applauded, and though Mr. Disraeli, as the Leader of the Opposition, supported an amendment against it, this was a matter of course. Equally as a matter of course, the Budget Resolutions were approved, and the beneficial reign of sound finance, inspired by rare genius and directed by superlative energy, forthwith commenced.

WORK AND PLAY

MR. GLADSTONE continued to be the main strength of the Aberdeen Ministry, and in his capacity as Chancellor of the Exchequer he financed the Crimean War. In 1855, when the Coalition fell to pieces, and Lord Palmerston undertook to construct a Government out of the fragments, Mr. Gladstone continued to hold his office, promptly resigning it, however, when he found the patriotic Mr. Roebuck's motion for what was known as "The Sebastopol Committee" was not to be withstood by the Cabinet. He remained out of office for some years following, his leisure being intermitted by work that would have sufficed some other men for a life's labour. It was during this period that he completed and published his "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age." He fulfilled more than the average duties of a member of Parliament, superadding a special mission to the Ionian Islands, undertaken in 1858 at the request of Lord Derby, then Premier. Early in 1859, the brief Administration of Lord Derby, in which Mr. Disraeli had for the second time held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, came to an end, and Mr. Gladstone again joined the Ministry formed by Lord Palmerston, and which lasted as long as the Premier's life. During the long reign of Lord Palmerston the progress of politics attuned itself to the beat of the pulse of the aged Premier. There were wars abroad, but peace and prosperity at home, and Mr. Gladstone was able to carry out the scheme of bold but far-seeing finance which the Crimean War had interrupted five years earlier. The year 1860 was the year which saw the completion of the Commercial Treaty with France, a fruitful tree, which Mr. Cobden and Napoleon III. planted, and which Mr. Gladstone watered. This same year was the last of the Paper Duty, the abolition of which was a final stroke in that labour for the freedom of the Press and the extension of intelligence begun when, in his first Budget, he had made an end of the Stamp Duty.

"UNMUZZLED"

THE long Parliament of Lord Palmerston came to an end on the 6th of July, 1865. There was no particular reason why it should have been prorogued then, rather than a month or six months later, for it had completed only 122 days of its seventh year. But at that time Ministers took a view of the possible length of Parliaments which finds an interesting illustration in an incidental reference made by Mr. Gladstone in his Budget speech of 1865. Reciting the several claims the existing Parliament had upon the attention of history, he had added, "lastly, it has enjoyed the distinction that, although no Parliament ever completes the full term of its legal existence, yet this is the seventh time you have been called upon to make provision for the financial exigencies of the country."

The result of the general election was most important to Mr. Gladstone and to the nation in whose life he had become an important factor. Offering himself for re-election at Oxford, he was rejected in favour of Mr. Gathorne Hardy, now Lord Cranbrook and Secretary of State for India. This event created a profound sensation, no authority being more deeply moved than *The Times*. It is interesting at this time of day to quote *The Times* of 1865 upon Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gathorne Hardy:—"The enemies of the University," it was written in this impartial and important journal, "will make the most of her disgrace. It has hitherto been supposed that a learned constituency was to some extent exempt from the vulgar motives of party spirit, and capable of forming a higher estimate of statesmanship than common tradesmen or tenant farmers. It will now stand on record that they have deliberately sacrificed a representative who combined the very highest qualifications, moral and intellectual, for an academical seat, to party spirit, and party spirit alone. . . . Henceforth Mr. Gladstone will belong to the country, but no longer to the University."

England in one geographical section or other of it has always taken care that it shall not be deprived of the advantage of Mr. Gladstone's presence in its Parliament. On this occasion it was South Lancashire which, perceiving his peril at Oxford, voluntarily offered to secure him a seat. From the University he hastened to the manufacturing town, and stood before the men of Manchester, as he said, "unmuzzled." Even the dullest politicians recognised the significance of the event so aptly described in this memorable phrase. As long as Mr. Gladstone was politically associated with Oxford, the Alma Mater which he loved with changeless affection, there was a possibility that he might successfully resist the silent forces that were leading him to a more uncompromising Liberalism. When Oxford snapped the chain he was free to go whither he listed. The end would doubtless have arrived sooner or later, and he would have retired from Oxford because he was bent upon freeing the Irish Church, just as in an earlier stage of his career he had retired from Newark because he was about to join in an assault on Protection. Sooner or later the unmuzzling must have been accomplished. Oxford elected to make it sooner by several years.

LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE unmuzzling process was completed by an occurrence which took place in the autumn of 1865. Lord Palmerston died, and the pent-up flood of Liberal life rushed downward like a cataract. The time for coalitions and temporising in any way was past. Earl Russell succeeded as Premier, and Mr. Gladstone was named Leader of the House of Commons, of course still holding the Ministerial office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was felt that the hour had come for the introduction of a Reform Bill, and in Earl Russell the man was naturally found. Of course the statesman who had taken a leading part in the Reform campaign of 1832 was largely responsible for the measure of 1866. But it happened that to Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the House of Commons, fell the task of introducing the Bill, and bearing the brunt of the battle which raged around it. There were giants in those days, and the Parliamentary debates of the Session of 1866 unmistakably stand out in the pages of Hansard by reason of their brilliancy and fire. Mr. Disraeli led the united body of the Conservatives in an attack upon a Bill which they regarded with holy horror as a long advance on the way to the establishment of a democracy. But the most dangerous foes of the Liberal party were to be found within its own household. This was the year in which Mr. Lowe, who some years before had proved his powers in the Sydney Legislature, made his mark in the House of Commons. The terror of the uttermost Tory was far exceeded by the apprehension with which he regarded this Bill. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone, and contemplating the probability of the Bill being carried, he exclaimed: "I court not a single leaf of the laurels that may encircle his brow. I do not envy him his triumph. His be the glory of carrying the Bill, mine of having to the utmost of my poor ability resisted it."

It was in this year that the Cave of Adullam was formed, and there was created that immortal "party of two (Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe), like the Scotch terrier that was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which the tail." The debate on the Second Reading of the Bill lasted for several days. On the eve of the division it fell to Mr. Gladstone's lot to wind up the debate, which he did in a speech containing perhaps absolutely the finest peroration of the many which sparkle in the train of the infinitude of his orations. "You cannot fight against the future," he said, turning sharp upon the Opposition, and

speaking in a voice where pathos struggled with exultation for the mastery. "Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you. They are marshalled on our side; and the banner which we now carry in this fight, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and a not far distant victory."

In the mean time the defeat too surely foreseen was accomplished. The Adullamites coalescing with the Conservatives made it impossible to pass the measure, which was finally thrown out. The Ministry resigned, and the Earl of Derby, most unhappy of Cabinet constructors, was again called upon to form a Ministry from a party in a hopeless minority.

A GREAT VICTORY

IN the race for the highest office of the State Mr. Disraeli beat Mr. Gladstone by one lap, as he had outrun him by the same distance when the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was the goal. The Earl of Derby held office just long enough to see passed by the Ministry of which he was the head a Reform Bill exceeding in its democratic tendencies any that had been proposed by a responsible Liberal Ministry. As soon as Parliament met the following year Lord Derby retired on the plea of ill health, and Mr. Disraeli, who had the previous session heard himself denounced by his present colleague, Lord Salisbury, as "a political adventurer," and his policy described as "one of legerdemain," became leader of the Conservative Party and Prime Minister of England. In this Session Mr. Gladstone's mind had reached the final point of conviction that the Irish Church might no longer be endured, an unhappy coincidence of time which Mr. Disraeli bewailed with comical gravity. Early in the Session he laid upon the table of the House a series of Resolutions, the first of which roundly declared that "in the opinion of the House of Commons it is necessary that the Established Church of Ireland should cease to exist as an Establishment." On this question Liberals and Conservatives joined issue, the Liberals being united in a degree unusual then, and not often repeated since. Successive divisions showed that the majority of the House of Commons were overwhelmingly in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church. On the question of Parliamentary Reform Mr. Disraeli's position was not unfairly described by Mr. Lowe. "If," said Mr. Lowe, affecting to paraphrase the terms of the Conservative Leader's reiterated speech, "the House will deign to take us into its counsel, if it will co-operate with us in this matter, we shall receive with cordiality, with deference, nay, even with gratitude, any suggestion it likes to offer. Say what you like to us, only for God's sake leave us in our places." Mr. Disraeli had, as he himself boasted, educated his party in the matter of Parliamentary Reform. But in view of such a question as the Disestablishment of the Church, parleying was impossible. He must fight, and finding fighting impossible with the Parliament assembled he brought about its dissolution, and appealed to the country.

The answer was sharp and unmistakeable. By tremendous exertions, concentrated with all the power of personal dislike and party hatred, Mr. Gladstone was defeated in Lancashire. But elsewhere the Liberals had an overwhelming triumph, and Mr. Gladstone (returned for Greenwich, which had done for him in this election the service performed by South Lancashire in 1865) found himself at the head of an overwhelming majority—a Prime Minister personally more powerful than any who had held the reins of State since the palmiest days of Sir Robert Peel.

PREMIER

HE had been invested with supreme power with the immediate mission of disestablishing the Irish Church, and he set himself about the task with characteristic energy. At the earliest date he submitted to the new Parliament his Bill for the Disestablishment of the Church. The second reading was carried by a majority of 118, in a House, including tellers, of 622 members—a majority to the recurrence of which we have grown familiar of late. But it was a very striking event at this time, and disposed of anything like legitimate opposition. Opposition there was, nevertheless, and it was three months before the Bill passed through Committee, during which time statesmen of the calibre of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. James Lowther, and Mr. "Tom" Collins had risen innumerable times to state their opinion that the end of all things was at hand, and to hint, as plainly as might be within Parliamentary limits, their personal opinion of the author of so much evil. The next Session (1870) was only partially devoted to the Irish Land Bill, which was this year added to the Statute Book. In addition, the Elementary Education Act was passed—both in a Session disturbed and interrupted by interpellations and debates on the policy of the Government with respect to the war between France and Prussia. The next year saw passed the Army Regulation Bill, embodying the Abolition of Purchase, which latter Mr. Gladstone finally accomplished in opposition to the House of Lords, by invoking the Royal Warrant. The Ballot Bill was also brought in this Session, but was thrown out by the Lords. In the following year it was brought in again, and being put in the forefront of the programme, was carried. A less happy fate befel the Irish

University Bill, which brought about a new birth of the Cave of Adullam, and was thrown out by a coalition between the extreme Liberals and the watchful Conservatives. A majority of three in a House of 573 declared against the Government, whereupon Mr. Gladstone resigned. The Queen sent for Mr. Disraeli, and invited him to form a Ministry. But the right hon. gentleman, with a prescience loudly murmured against at the time by his impatient followers, declined to hurry events. Mr. Gladstone returned to office, and the Session pursued its course.

BREAKING UP

BUT the end was not far off. Mr. Gladstone had lived fast and travelled far. He had accomplished in three Sessions an amount of work formerly estimated as the full allowance of three Parliaments. He had done all, and more than all, he had promised—far more than might reasonably have been anticipated on entering office. The usual symptoms that follow on repletion began to manifest themselves. The House of Commons was restless, discontented, and ill-humoured, whilst the country, waxing fat, began to kick. The Premier was not constitutionally the kind of man for meeting and overcoming such a crisis. He had always been at a disadvantage as compared with his great rival in respect of personal manner. He was always too much in earnest to pay a just measure of attention to those little courtesies which count for much even in the government of an Empire on which the sun never sets. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that Lord Beaconsfield is never in earnest; but it is unquestionable that he is never so much exhausted by earnestness that he forgets to pay those petty homages which cost so little, and to the leader of a party are worth so much.

Mr. Gladstone's gaze was fixed far above heads of mortal men, and the natural consequence was that when he moved about his daily work he frequently knocked up against his own friends and trod upon their corns. The average of personal popularity was not made up by any of his colleagues. Some of these, notably Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton, were viewed with strong personal dislike by the public, whom they in their turn unmercifully snubbed. Mr. Gladstone, his colleagues, and his policy began to be assailed from all sides. Foreign policy, being necessarily less susceptible of full comprehension than any other ramification of Constitutional Government, has always been peculiarly attractive to the more ignorant among us. It is a large question upon which small intelligences like to swell and strut. Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy was assailed with great clamour. But the most dangerous symptom of approaching decay was found in the vitality of sections ranged under the common banner of Liberalism. This spirit began to manifest itself for the first time in the Committee on the Education Bill, when the Nonconformist body spied under Mr. Forster's muffler the beard of a Denominationalist. In making a last protest on the third reading of the Bill, Mr. Miall affirmed that the Nonconformists "could not stand this sort of thing much longer."

THE LION AT BAY

MR. GLADSTONE was sitting quietly, even listlessly, on the Treasury Bench, when this threatening speech was made. He had not intended to join in the debate, the matter having been already talked out over many sittings. Moreover, the Bill was not in his charge, but Mr. Forster's. When these words fell on his ear, he quickly rose from his recumbent position, and those looking on knew that a scene was imminent.

As Mr. Miall resumed his seat, the Premier sprang to his feet, the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. "I hope," he said in those slow, carefully-accentuated tones which mark the rarely-reached white heat of his passion: "I hope that my hon. friend will not continue his support of the Government one moment longer than he deems it consistent with his sense of duty and right. For God's sake, Sir, let him withdraw it the moment he thinks it better for the cause he has at heart that he should do so." So long as my hon. friend thinks fit to give us his support we will co-operate with my hon. friend for every purpose we have in common; but when we think his opinions and demands exacting, when we think he looks too much to the section of the community he adorns, and too little to the interests of the people at large, we must then recollect that we are the Government of the Queen, and that those who have assumed the high responsibility of administering the affairs of this Empire must endeavour to forget the parts in the whole, and must, in the great measures they introduce into the House, propose to themselves no meaner or narrower object than the welfare of the Empire at large."

THE END

IN the Session of 1872 the growing lassitude of Parliament was shown by the division on the second reading of the Balfour Bill, a measure of the first importance, but for the division on the second reading of which the united strenuous exertion of the Whips could muster an aggregate voting power of only 165. The third reading was carried by 276 votes against 218, figures which show that Mr. Gladstone still had a substantial majority in the House. By the Licensing Act, introduced and passed this Session, the popularity of the Government received a fresh blow. But it was reserved for the Irish University Bill to complete the destruction. The majority against the second reading of this Bill was very small, and it was made up of sections not

likely to reunite under any probable circumstances. Mr. Gladstone, as has been shown, resumed office when Mr. Disraeli declined to have his hand forced. But he never really recovered from the blow thus struck.

The Session flickered to an end amid constant wrangles and an aggravating disregard for authority. In vain Mr. Ayrton had been cast overboard, and in vain Mr. Lowe repeated in his own person the rôle of Jonah. The Ministerial ship would not right, but lay in the trough of the sea, an object of derision from the fickle public who five years earlier had helped to launch it amid demonstrations of the wildest enthusiasm. Buffeted abroad, assailed from within, angry, dispirited with existing circumstances, and hopeful of the verdict of a nation whose behests he had splendidly fulfilled, Mr. Gladstone suddenly cut the Gordian knot. On the 24th of January, 1874, just on the eve of the assembling of Parliament for the customary Session, the country awoke to find that Parliament was dissolved. It was through the medium of an address to the electors of Greenwich that the startling news was communicated. There was considerable vigour in the lengthy document, and Mr. Gladstone, who a few months earlier, upon the resignation of Mr. Lowe, had returned to his old office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, promised a renewed exhibition of the magic with which the country was once familiar, and which should now be directed to the extinction of the Income Tax. But between the lines it was not difficult to read that the great statesman was weary and sick at heart. "If," he said, "the trust of this Administration be by the effect of the present elections virtually renewed, I for one will serve you, for what remains of my time, faithfully. If the confidence of the country be taken from us, and handed over to others whom you may deem more worthy, I for one shall accept cheerfully my dismissal." There was no presage of victory in such a call to battle. But in his gloomiest moments Mr. Gladstone could not have anticipated the full depth of the reverse of fortune which awaited him at the poll. He himself narrowly escaped defeat at Greenwich, coming in second, the head of the poll being reserved for an estimable but obscure Conservative. Elsewhere, all along the line, the Liberals were defeated. The solid phalanx that had carried the Irish Church Bill, the Irish Land Bill, the Education Bill, and the Ballot Bill was hopelessly shattered. When the gains and losses were counted up it was found that Mr. Disraeli meeting Parliament in 1874 was almost exactly in the same position as Mr. Gladstone had been when meeting Parliament in 1869. The pendulum, having swung violently to one side, had in return reached nearly the same altitude on the other.

AT TWENTY-NINE

MORE than forty years ago there was published a little book, entitled the "British Senate in 1838." It is full of those personal descriptions of eminent men in their public capacity which, written in our own time, we very properly reprobate, but for which historians and biographers, writing many years after, are exceedingly grateful. The anonymous writer has preserved for us a picture of the young man eloquent which is rare and interesting.

"Mr. Gladstone's appearance and manners," he says, "are much in his favour. He is a fine-looking man. He is about the usual height, and of good figure. His countenance is mild and pleasant, and has a highly intellectual expression. His eyes are clear and quick; his eyebrows are dark and rather prominent. There is not a dandy in the House but envies what Truefitt would call his 'fine head of jet-black hair.' It is always carefully parted from the crown downwards to his brow, where it is tastefully shaded; his features are small and regular, and his complexion must be a very unworthy witness if he does not possess an abundant stock of health. Mr. Gladstone's gesture is varied but not violent. When he rises he generally puts both his hands behind his back; and having there suffered them to embrace each other for a short time, he unclasps them, and allows them to drop on either side. They are not permitted to remain long in the locality, before you see them again closed together and hanging down before him. Their re-union is not suffered to last for any length of time. Again a separation takes place, and now the right hand is seen moving up and down before him. Having thus exercised it a little, he thrusts it into the pocket of his coat, and then orders the left hand to follow its example. Having granted them a momentary repose there, they are again put into motion; and in a few seconds they are seen reposing *vis-à-vis* on his breast. He moves his face and body from one direction to another, not forgetting to bestow a liberal share of attention on his own party. He is always listened to with much attention by the House, and appears to be highly respected by men of all parties. He is a man of good business habits: of this he furnished abundant proof when Under-Secretary for the Colonies during the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel."

AT SEVENTY

IT is curious to note that some of these mannerisms of forty years ago are preserved by the great statesman we know to-day. It is particularly notable that to this day, when Mr. Gladstone rises and begins what is intended to be a great oration, he has a tendency to clasp his hands behind his back. This attitude, however, like the subdued mood of which it is an indication, prevails only during the opening sentences. Age has fired rather than dulled his oratorical energy. He has even during the existence of the present Parliament increased in rapidity of gesture almost to the point

of fury. The jet black hair of forty years ago has faded and fallen, leaving only a few thin wisps of grey carefully disposed over the grandly-formed head with which, as he told a Scotch deputation the other day, London hatters have had such trouble. The rounded cheeks are sunken, and their bloom has given place to pallor; the full brow is wrinkled; the dark eyes, bright and flashing still, are underset with innumerable wrinkles; the "good figure" is somewhat rounded at the shoulders; and the sprightly step is growing deliberate. But the intellectual fire of forty years ago is rather quickened than quenched, and the promise of health has been abundantly fulfilled in a maintenance of physical strength and activity that seems phenomenal. Mr. Gladstone will outsit the youngest member of the House if the issue at stake claims his vote in the pending division. He can speak for three hours at a stretch, and he will put in the three hours as much mental and physical energy as, judiciously distributed, would suffice for the whole debate. His magnificent voice is as true in tone and as insensible to fatigue as when it was first heard within the walls of the House. By comparison he is far more emphatic in gesture when addressing the House of Commons than when standing before a public meeting. This, doubtless, is explicable by the fact that, whilst in the one case he is free from contradiction, in the other he is, more particularly during a period of Tory ascendancy, outrageously subject to it. Trembling through every nerve with intensity of conviction and the wrath of battle, he almost literally smites his opponent hip and thigh. Taking the brass-bound box upon the table as representative of "the right hon. gentleman" or "the noble lord" opposite, he will beat it violently with his right hand, creating a resounding noise that sometimes makes it difficult to catch the words he desires to emphasise. Or standing with heels closely pressed together, and feet spread out fan-wise so that he may turn as on a pivot to watch the effect of his speech on either side of the House, he will assume that the palm of his left hand is his adversary of the moment, and straightway he beats upon it with his right hand with a ferocity that causes to curdle the blood of the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery. At this stage will be noted the most marked retention of early House of Commons habit, in the way in which the orator continually turns round to address his own followers, to the outraging of a fundamental point of etiquette which requires that all speech should be directed to the Chair.

IN RECESS

TRAVELLING in Sicily in the winter of 1838 Mr. Gladstone had been much struck with the ruined temples that abound in the island. In his journal, written at this date, we find him writing of these ruins that "they retain their beauty and their dignity in their decay, representing the great man when fallen, as types of that almost highest of human qualities—silent, yet not sullen, endurance." This is a type of greatness of which it must be admitted Mr. Gladstone has not furnished a specimen. There is no period in his history yet accomplished which is more fairly open to animadversion than that immediately, and for some time, following upon his fall from power. He had hitherto something more than led the Liberal party. He had, if need were, even dragged or driven them. He was inseparably bound up with their fortunes, and it is a nice question how far he was at liberty, when abysmal distress followed upon a period of exceptional prosperity, calmly to cut himself adrift. This he nevertheless did in a letter addressed to Earl Granville, which was published just before the new Parliament met. His decision was formally confirmed a year later, when he ceremoniously withdrew from the Leadership of the Liberal party, and Lord Hartington was elected in his stead. This was an arrangement not altogether hopeless if Mr. Gladstone had carried out in the letter and in the spirit the intention of withdrawing from active participation in politics announced in his epistle to Earl Granville. But his temperament was not suited for the exhibition of silent yet not sullen endurance which he had extolled in the monuments of ancient Sicily. Even in the first Session of the new Parliament he succeeded in introducing a disturbing feature in political warfare. No one knew exactly at what hour or in respect of what political Bill he might not suddenly appear—as he did in respect of the Public Worship Bill—and upset all calculation and all arrangement. This habit grew in intensity in the following Session, and Mr. Gladstone came to be more terrible to his political friends than to the party opposite. It was all very well for the Liberals to meet in the Smoke Room of the Reform Club, and elect Lord Hartington Leader *vice* Mr. Gladstone retired from politics. It would have been just as efficacious for the solar system to meet and elect the moon to rule by day *vice* the sun resigned. Mr. Gladstone's erratic appearances in the political firmament were sufficient temporarily to dispose of the titular Leader of the Liberals, and to set the whole system once more revolving round himself.

In 1876 his energies found a wider and a worthier field in vindication of the right of the Bulgarians to be delivered from pillage and murder. He threw himself into the cause of this oppressed nationality with as much enthusiasm and energy as a quarter of a century earlier he had undertaken to plead for the enchained Neapolitans. He now cast aside the thin, though honestly assumed, mask of retirement, and flung himself body and soul into the conflict. The sudden awakening of energy then shown has been surpassed in the last months of 1879 by his campaign in Scotland.

On the eve of his seventieth birthday, in the middle of a winter of unusual severity, he set out on what proved to



AFTER THE MIDLOTHIAN VICTORY — MR. GLADSTONE ADDRESSING THE CROWD FROM LORD ROSEBURY'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH

be a triumphal progress that has finally landed him at a higher pinnacle of fame, and has endowed him with a supreme measure of power than ever he had before grasped. Day by day, sometimes twice and thrice a day, he addressed great audiences, often in the open air. Speech followed speech, none a repetition of the other, and all the world agreed that never in history had there been an equal display of physical and intellectual force from a man whose years were threescore and ten.

In this undertaking, as in all others of his life, Mr. Gladstone has been moved by a strong, high passion, free from the dross of ignoble motive. We do not all agree with him; but whilst many distrust and even abhor the politician, they cannot admire the man. To us, his contemporaries, the contemplation of his life is like a study of one of Turner's pictures made by a man with his nose an inch off the canvas. Our attention is arrested by details not always attractive. We see strong mannerisms, and marvel at what we call eccentricities. To posterity Mr. Gladstone's life will be as this same picture regarded at due distance, the lurid colours softened, the angularities rounded off, and the masterpiece revealed in its incomparable excellence.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

RODNEY STREET in Liverpool, which is represented in our engraving of the Canning Election in 1812, contained in the early part of the present century the town residences of the Gladstone family, the Heywoods, the Cardwells, the Bournes, and others that have for long been conspicuous. Before railways made a journey to London so easy as it now is, wealthy families used to have a residence in the principal provincial town, and the Hanoverian mansion here shown, where Mr. Gladstone was born, is a very fair example of the urban resi-

known shipbuilders were among them. The son of the last-named is the ex-Mayor of Liverpool. The writer's father remembered seeing these gentlemen at work, and remarking their snow-white linen and the quiet energy with which they fulfilled their task, and also a regiment of militia that was drawn up outside the Graving Dock to protect them from the malcontents. The work was finished in a manner that would have extracted praise even from Mr. Plimsoll in his saddest hours, and delighted Sir John Gladstone, who well knew what was required, and declared that it was the best workmanship he had in all his fleet. He begged the volunteers to send any account they thought fit to the cashier, but of course in vain, and could only prevail upon them to accept invitations to a banquet. This occurred in May, 1827, and the name of the ship was the *Duke of Lancaster*. Sir John Gladstone represented Lancaster in Parliament, and was an exceedingly effective speaker. His speech at the Canning dinner five years after Waterloo might have been often repeated since. He scouted the idea that England's prosperity was on the wane. "We have suffered," he said, "from war and all its evils, and bad harvests have added to our burdens; the nation's energies have been suspended, but they are not extinct," and amidst repeated interruptions of applause he proceeded to lay down in language that perhaps his descendants have hardly excelled in terseness, the true sources of national prosperity.

HAWARDEN CASTLE is charmingly situated on the estuary of the Dee. It was for long the property of the Stanley family, but after the execution of the Earl of Derby in 1651, it was purchased by Serjeant Glynne, who seems to have held the scales of justice so evenly that he was made Lord Chief Justice by Cromwell, and knighted by Charles II. The entrance lodges are about six miles from Chester, and one mile from the Castle; the road through the park is open to the public, and is of singular beauty. The castle is about a

Rosebery's town residence in George Street, Edinburgh, and preparations were prudently made outside for the gathering of a great crowd. The parapet in front of the house was shored up, and barricades were erected in the broad and handsome street. After the declaration of the poll there was a rush to George Street, where a crowd of several thousands was soon assembled. The street was illuminated with lime lights. Mr. Gladstone having been called for stepped on to a balcony, and briefly addressed the vast multitude. In the course of his speech, which upon this occasion was, to use his own phrase, unmingled with gall, Mr. Gladstone said, "What we have now to show is that we can use the strength which we have shown ourselves to possess, and that we can turn the victory to good account for the common benefit of our country." Lord Rosebery then came forward, and said effectively, if perhaps hyperbolically, "It is a great night for Midlothian, a great night for Scotland, a great night for Great Britain, aye, and a great night for the World." And then some cruel wag in the crowd added, "And a bad night for Dizzy!"

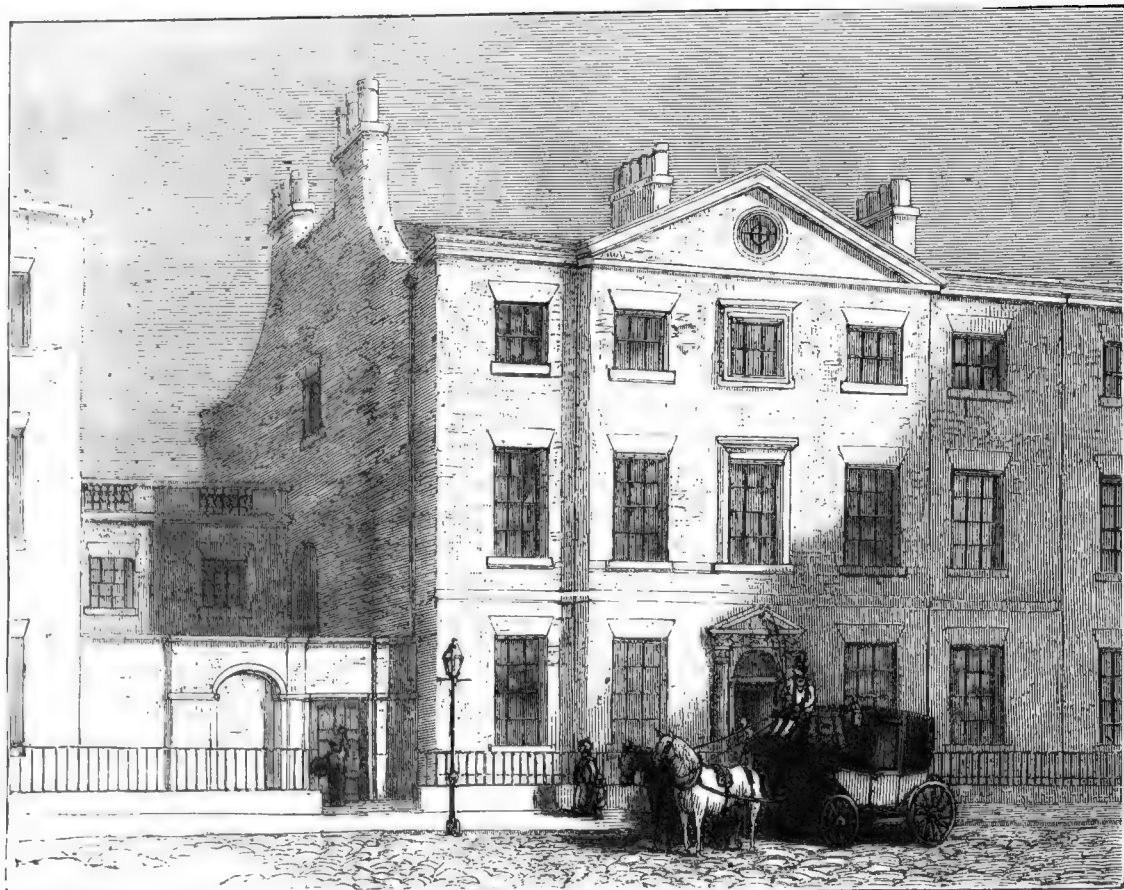
In our portrait group of the Gladstone family, the father and mother are of course immediately recognisable. Miss Gladstone, the eldest unmarried daughter, is taken in profile, standing next to the bust. Next to her is her eldest brother, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, and his wife, the Hon. Gertrude, fourth daughter of Lord Blantyre. Seated in the cane chair is Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Rector of Hawarden, and his youngest sister, Miss Helen Gladstone. The portraits of Mrs. Wickham (Mr. Gladstone's eldest daughter) and her baby, of her husband, the Rev. F. C. Wickham, Head Master of Wellington College, and of Mr. Henry Gladstone, which appear in the original group, have been unavoidably omitted.—Our engraving is from an excellent photograph by Mr. G. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

Our other engravings are sufficiently described in the preceding biography; but with regard to two of them a few further observations may be made.

Mr. Gladstone is evidently a firm believer in the maxim, *Mens sana in corpore sano*, and therefore he has taken care at all times to fit himself for his gigantic intellectual labours by bodily exercise. And his bodily labours have been something far beyond the constitutional ride or walk; he was known at all events till lately as a pedestrian who would quietly take long walks in the Scottish Highlands from which many young men would shrink, and then he bears a world-wide reputation as a woodsman. There can be little doubt that if he had been born in a humbler sphere of life, and had settled in the American backwoods, or in the Australian bush, he would have held his own with the axe against nearly all competitors.

With regard to the political prisoners at Naples in 1850, whose cruel treatment aroused Mr. Gladstone's righteous indignation, and produced his famous letters to Lord Aberdeen, a few words may be quoted from Mr. G. B. Smith's biography, to which we have already referred. "Describing the dungeons, Mr. Gladstone says that the diet was abominable, and the filth of the prisons unendurable. The official doctors dared not penetrate into these loathsome regions, so sick prisoners, men almost with death in their faces, toiled upstairs to the doctors at that charnel-house of the Vicaria. One man, Settembrini, was sentenced to double irons for life on a sea-girt rock, and was tortured by sharp instruments being thrust under his finger nails. Mr. Gladstone also minutely describes the manner of the imprisonment of Poerio and sixteen of his co-accused. Each prisoner bore 32 lbs. weight of chain, these chains were never taken off, and all the prisoners were confined night and day in a small close dungeon."

The engravings of Mr. Gladstone's Birthplace, and of the views of Hawarden, are from sketches by Mr. Alfred Rimmer, of Chester; and the portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.



BIRTHPLACE OF MR. W. E. GLADSTONE, RODNEY STREET, LIVERPOOL

dences of the opulent classes of the early part of the present century. Sir John Gladstone, the father of the ex-Premier, was one of the old merchant princes, and if the class he so well represented is not extinct, it must be admitted that commercial relations are different now from what they were in his days. He was generally regarded as one of the ablest and surest merchants in England, and one to whom success was never a matter of doubt or speculation. His wealth became enormous. He had extensive properties in Liverpool, and owned the greater part of Seaforth, which has now become incorporated in the town. Here he had a country house, where Canning was his frequent guest, and who, through Sir John's influence, headed the poll in five successive elections, and those hotly contested ones, even for Liverpool. Seaforth House has been only recently demolished, and streets are built upon its former grounds. Fasque Castle was another seat of Sir John Gladstone's, and the estates pertaining to it cover some seventy square miles, all of which are still in the family. He held besides very large estates in the West Indies, and had a whole fleet of merchantmen trading over the world. The *Kingsmill*, one of his ships, was the first that made the passage from Liverpool to India, and developed a valuable trade. A very brief anecdote, which is reliable, will speak for itself. There was on one occasion a strike among the shipwrights, and a vessel of Gladstone's fleet wanted repairs very urgently for some voyage that admitted no delay. Of course the shipyards were empty, but it occurred to the master builders that they could come themselves to the rescue. They had, of course, served an apprenticeship, and were as able to drive a trenail as any of their men. Mr. Grayson and Mr. Royden, and other well-

century old, but was remodelled in 1809, the year when Mr. Gladstone was born, and a Tudor character as the style was then understood was given to it. The view from the churchyard conveys a fair idea of the landscape that is presented to the eye all along the road that leads from Chester to Flint.

Hawarden Church, of which the chancel is shown, is a large and very fine example of the architecture of the early part of the sixteenth century, though some parts appear to be considerably older. But it suffered from a fire comparatively recently, and a great part of it has been rebuilt. The Rectory is one of the most valuable in the kingdom, and is held by a son of Mr. Gladstone's, who, in the testimony of the very extensive parish is to be relied on; is as hardworking and simple in his way of life as ever Goldsmith's country parson was. The Hawarden estates, which extend for some miles along the estuary of the Dee, contain many landscapes of great beauty, and, though easily accessible, they are little visited by artists or tourists. In the park are the remains of the ancient residence; some of the foundations are of great antiquity. It was granted by William the Conqueror to his nephew, Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and it conferred the title of Earl of Chester upon the Royal Family. Some of the remains would seem to indicate the architecture that prevailed in Henry II.'s time. The lodge gates here shown as entering from Hawarden appear to be contemporaneous with the remodelling of the Castle, and the village scene is quite characteristic of the more prosperous class of villages that are yet to be found, unspoiled by the restorer, in various parts of the island.

AFTER THE MIDLOTHIAN VICTORY.—Mr. Gladstone had spent the afternoon of Monday, the 5th inst., at Lord

Lord Brackenbury.

(Continued from page 434)

"Those fatal diamonds—he meant to have left them also to you. In the last letter I ever received from him . . . you know I had a letter only a day or two before I was summoned to Spezzia?"

"Yes, I remember hearing that there was a letter."

"Well, in that letter, written when he was planning to buy the diamonds, he said he wished you to have them, if anything happened to him before—before they were yours by right."

She looked down in silence.

He waited a moment, as if expecting her to say something. Then, finding that she still kept silence, he added, "This was what I had to tell you."

Her lip quivered.

"Thank you," she said at length. "Thank you for telling me. You know how poor we are; but you don't know from what a bitter grief this money may save us."

"I wish it was ten times as much," said Lancelot warmly.

"I am glad it is nothing of the kind. I could not, would not, have accepted more; but for this I am very grateful. And as for what I was about to say just now—"

"If it is anything you think Miss Langtreve would prefer me not to hear, pray leave it unsaid," interposed Lancelot, hastily.

"Ah!" she said, drawing a quick breath, "you know it, then."

Lancelot coloured.

"Perhaps I guess," he said awkwardly.

She looked at him.

"And I," she said, "and I—perhaps, I understand."

—distinguished himself at the battle of Dettingen, on the sixteenth of June, 1743, and was promoted on the field. He afterwards served with his regiment in Scotland, under the Duke of Cumberland, in 1746, and fell mortally wounded at the battle

of Culloden, having taken one of the rebel standards with his own hand."

The old woman's quavering treble came to them with measured distinctness. She had by this time conducted Mr. Cochrane to the further end of the gallery, and arrived at the reigns of the Georges.

Meanwhile Lancelot was silent, not knowing what to say. Miss Savage spoke again.

"Yes," she said, "I understand; and I know what it must have cost you."

"Don't think about that," he replied bluntly. "I must have done it sooner or later."

"And you have done it sooner, for our sakes. Thank you, Lancelot."

She put out her hand. He took it; held it for a moment; then, with a hasty "God bless you!" walked quickly to the other end of the gallery, where Mrs. Bridget was descending upon the merits of a half-length portrait of a lady dressed in the fashion of Marie Antoinette, with powdered hair, a large hat, and gloves reaching to the elbow.

"This, sir," Mrs. Bridget was saying, "is Dame Georgina Langtreys, second daughter of Sir James Stoneleigh, of Stoneleigh Castle, Yorkshire. This lady was a celebrated beauty. A portrait of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds was sold at the great Fonthill sale in the year 1819. The next portrait represents her husband, Sir Robert Langtreys, some time Colonel of the West Lancashire Yeomanry. He was born Anno Domini 1759, and died Anno Domini 1814. We next come to Squire Edward John Langtreys, only son of the preceding, and father of the late Squire Stephen Langtreys, who was the last male representative of the family. Squire Edward John Langtreys is represented in the uniform of a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County. He married in 1816 Miss Hester Penruddock, of Cornwall"

"This fair lady, I suppose?" interrupted Cochrane, examining the next portrait with lively interest.

"That is my grandmother," said Winifred.

"Then your grandmother, Miss Savage, was a very beautiful person! There is a look of Sir Thomas Lawrence about this picture."

"The original, painted before her marriage, was by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This is a copy."

"Did you ever see her?"

"Oh! no—she died before I was born; but the portrait is supposed to be very like. Bridget remembers her."

"I ought to remember her, Miss Winifred," said the old woman. "I entered her service the first year of her marriage, and I have lived in the family ever since. She was a very beautiful lady, and the mother of beautiful children. The late Squire was as handsome a gentleman as ever trod shoe-leather."

"Is there no likeness of him?" asked Cochrane.

"Miss Langtreys has miniatures of the Squire, and of herself, and of Miss Mabel, sir—Mrs. Savage, I should say—which was Miss Winifred's own mother."

Mrs. Bridget then led the way to what she called the "State Bedrooms," one of which, hung with mouldering tapestry and containing an ancient four-post bedstead with plumes of moth-eaten ostrich feathers at each corner, went by the name of "Queen Elizabeth's Bed-chamber."

Last of all, hidden away out of sight in a corner of the courtyard, came the Chapel—a tiny, dilapidated structure, with cobwebbed rafters overhead, and a worm-eaten rood-screen, and one dim, painted window, partly boarded up, and partly mended with panes of common glass. Altar, seats, church-furniture, all were gone—all, save one mouldering scutcheon bearing a faded coat of arms and the motto, 'Laungtreys-Loyaulté.'

"And now you have seen all," said Miss Savage, when they once more found themselves in the courtyard. "We inhabit what is habitable of the rest of the house."

"But all this part is perfectly habitable," said Cochrane. "If good Queen Bess were to come back to-morrow, you need only light a few fires, put clean sheets on the beds, and strew the floors with rushes."

"I am not sure that I should like to dance a *covanto* with Her Majesty in the Long Gallery, though," laughed Lancelot. "And as for the West Wing, you never venture into that at all now, do you, Bridget?"

"We have used one of the ground-floor rooms occasionally, sir, as an apple-chamber," replied Mrs. Bridget; "but the West Wing isn't harbour."

"I doubt if any part of The Grange is really 'harbour,'" said Miss Savage, smiling. "I feel as if it would all topple down some day, like a house of cards. But you must now come and see my aunt."

CHAPTER XX.

OLD MISS LANGTREY

OLD Miss Langtreys received her visitors in one of the rooms with the lantern-like bay windows that had been "Repayred in the Yeare of Oure Lord MDLIX"—a room like the inside of a box, panelled, ceiled, and floored with old black oak; furnished with grim old furniture as ancient, apparently, as the house itself; and bare of everything in the way of rugs or carpeting. The logs on the hearth were unlighted, and the room smelt cold and damp, as if it had not been opened for months. The window, with its tiny leaded panes and a great patch of old heraldic stained glass let into the centre casement, admitted very little light, and looked out upon the courtyard. It was a room as cheerful on the whole as a family vault.

Ushered into this dreary twilight, Cochrane found himself in the act of being presented to a hostess of whom he at first saw no more than a vague outline in the darkest corner of the room.

"Sir," said a thin hard voice, "you are welcome. Be pleased to sit. Lancelot Brackenbury, you are becoming quite a stranger."

"I accept that as a compliment, dear Miss Langtreys," replied Lancelot, taking a seat near her.

"I mean no compliment," said Miss Langtreys.

Cochrane's eyes were now getting accustomed to the darkness, and the vague outline had now resolved itself into a little white-haired old lady with brilliant black eyes, sitting "olt upright, with her hands folded primly in her lap, and her feet on a stool. She was dressed in some kind of stiff, faded brocade, and wore upon her head a simple cap of plain muslin. All this he saw, and noted; but it was her eyes, her keen, vivacious, black eyes, that chiefly arrested his attention. It would be very unpleasant, he thought, to meet those eyes blazing with anger; and that they could blaze, and blaze fiercely, upon occasion, he did not doubt. She turned them next upon himself.

"My niece tells me that you are staying at Old Court, Mr. Cochrane," she said. "How do you like living like an owl among the ruins?"

Cochrane replied that he found it quite delightful; and that if all ruins were equally comfortable, he should desire nothing better than to live like an owl for the rest of his days.

"You must find it very dull there," said Miss Langtreys.

"Indeed, no. I never was better amused in my life."

"That is because he amuses himself," laughed Lancelot. "He is the best of guests, and I am the worst of hosts. I do nothing to entertain him."

"I object to being entertained," said Cochrane. "The pleasantest host in the world, to my thinking, is he who lets me have my own way. Now at Old Court I do just as I like. I shoot, sketch, ramble about, and enjoy my liberty."

Miss Langtreys eyed him mistrustfully.

"Pray, sir," she asked, "are you an artist—or an author?"

"Neither, Madam—only a poor overworked Government official."

"Whose overwork," added Lancelot, "consists of sitting in an armchair and reading *The Times* daily, from ten to three!"

"Ah, you don't know what tremendous toil it is, reading *The Times* daily from ten to three! Painting is play to it."

"Painting is well enough in its way," said Miss Langtreys; "but I cannot bring myself to look upon it as the occupation of a gentleman."

"My dear Miss Langtreys!" exclaimed Lancelot.

"Ah, well, I am an old-fashioned body, and I can't help my prejudices. In my day, artists made pictures, and gentlemen bought them."

"Happily for us, society has at last discovered that gentlemen may do both," said Lancelot. "It is far more pleasure to paint a picture than to buy one."

Miss Langtreys sniffed contemptuously.

"I detest these levelling innovations," she replied. "I hear that young men of good family are taking nowadays to civil engineering and coffee planting, and that it is even considered possible for a gentleman to become a brewer. I don't understand it."

Then, turning to Cochrane:—"I never was in London but once, and that was forty years ago; but I remember meeting a Lady Susan Cochrane at a party in Portman Square. She was a daughter of Lord Skiddaw, and married to a certain Colonel Cochrane of the Dragoons. Was she a relation of yours?"

"She was my aunt," replied Cochrane. "That is to say, she married my uncle."

"Ay—she ran away with him. It was an unequal match, and her family opposed it; but she was infatuated with him. Is she dead?"

"Years ago; and my uncle afterwards married a rich widow with fifteen thousand a year."

"All men are polygamists at heart," said Miss Langtreys; "glad of the chance of marrying a second wife, if they are so lucky as to lose the first. Your uncle was a handsome man, sir; but a great scamp. They said he owed sixty thousand pounds when he married Lady Susan."

Cochrane laughed.

"I really know nothing about it, Madam," he said, carelessly. "But it sounds so like fact that it's sure to be fiction."

Here Miss Savage changed the subject by bringing out an old engraving of The Grange; and this gave him an opportunity to express his admiration of the house.

"It's a curious old place," replied Miss Langtreys; "indeed, we don't know how old it is."

"It looks as if it might date from the Heptarchy," said Cochrane.

"It is not impossible. There were Langtreys here when Domesday Book was compiled. But it is going fast to ruin."

"I should like to put it under a glass case," said Cochrane, warmly. "It is the rarest old house in England, and worth going a thousand miles to see!"

"It is satisfactory to think that you have seen something worth coming for all this way north," said Lancelot.

"I have seen a great deal that was worth coming for—two sights, at all events, that were entirely new to me; a coal mine and an iron-foundry."

Then addressing himself to Winifred, he added:—

"I don't ask you, Miss Savage, if you have been down the Brackenbury pit—it is not a fit excursion for a lady; but, of course, you have been over the foundry. Isn't it magnificent when they tap the furnace, and let loose that river of fire? I have done nothing but rave about Schiller's 'Song of the Bell' ever since I saw it. And then those terrific fellows in iron masks who mould red-hot 'snow-balls' and the Nasmyth hammer that pounds the snow-balls into solid masses—by Jove, it's tremendous!"

He paused, struck by the look of embarrassment in her face. And then he became suddenly conscious of Miss Langtreys' stony stare; of Lancelot's consternation; of a dead, uncomfortable silence all round. That silence was broken by Miss Langtreys.

"There is a homely proverb, sir," she said, grimly, "that warns you not to talk of the gallows to a man whose father was hanged. It is not your fault that you have talked to us of the gallows. Lancelot Brackenbury should have warned you that his coal-pit yonder is a forbidden topic at Langtreys Grange. We don't care to be reminded of our ruin."

Cochrane changed colour. For almost the first time in his life, he did not know what to say. But Lancelot threw himself into the breach, abusing his own inadvertence and appropriating the blame.

"But then, you see, we are such good friends," he added, "and we have been good friends for so many years, that I may well forget a difference that was made up when I was a boy at school."

Miss Langtreys, however, declined to be smoothed the right way, no matter how skilfully. So, finding it impossible to revive the conversation, the young men presently took their leave, and went crestfallen away.

"In Heaven's name, Brackenbury, what have I done?" asked Cochrane, as soon as they were both in the saddle.

"Stirred up Hydra, old man, and waked the sleeping Furies."

"I am tremendously sorry; but what is it all about?"

"Did you never hear of our great law-suit?"

"I don't know. I fancy I have heard something about a law-suit; but I don't remember what."

"It's a long story."

"Never mind. I like long stories."

"Well, you know, my grandfather and the old Squire were cronies—such cronies, that when the Squire was hard up and obliged to sell, my grandfather, because he could not bear to buy up his old friend's belongings, went in for only one poor little bit of scrub that happened to lie right in amongst our property—and that bit he bought from old Langtreys in a private way. Well, under that identical bit of scrub, by Jove! we hit upon a big seam of coal, nearly a quarter of a mile thick, leading away. Heaven knows how far, right under the old house my grandfather was living in—a far house that has since been pulled down. The Squire was dead before this discovery was made; and Stephen Langtreys—old Miss Langtreys' brother, you know—went to law about it. That was our great lawsuit. It lasted six and twenty years, and brought the Langtreys to ruin."

"Awfully lucky for the Brackenburys," remarked Cochrane.

"Why, yes—it has been a pot of money to us; but I don't know that we have been much happier for it. Fortune has played at cross-purposes with us in other ways. She always does—hang her!"

"Ay—how so?"

"Well, it broke up an old friendship; it indirectly caused my father to spend the best years of his life abroad; it changed the course of all our destinies, in fact; and who knows whether the well-worn grooves might not have carried us along more smoothly?"

"The old friendship, at all events, is set on its legs again."

Lancelot shook his head.

"An old friendship, my dear fellow," he said, "is like a piece of old china. It's precious only just so long as it's perfect. Once it's broken, no matter how cleverly you mend it, it's good for nothing but to put on a shelf in a corner where it won't be too closely looked at."

"Philosophy from the *bric-à-brac* point of view! Moral—Miss Langtreys on the shelf, not to be taken down or dusted. I should be horribly afraid of that old lady, Brackenbury. She's like the spiteful fairy of the story-books."

"I am afraid of her," replied Lancelot. "And there never lived the mortal man who wasn't afraid of her, except my father."

Cochrane would have liked to ask why the wealth that would have kept most men at home should have driven Lancelot's father into exile; but he felt, somehow, that this would be an indiscretion. Then, Lancelot having relapsed into silence, he fell to thinking about Winifred Savage as he saw her in the sunlight, with the pigeons fluttering down about her feet. And then again he wondered where he had seen that Bordone, and if it was in one of the private palaces at Venice; and presently his thoughts wandered to the Piazza di San Marco, and he fancied how well that bright head would look leaning out from one of the upper windows on the sunny side of the Square; and how the famous pigeons would come flocking to her balcony to be fed; and what a subject it would make for a painter!

Meanwhile, Miss Langtreys, grimly rejoicing in their discomfort, saw her guests depart.

"Winifred," she said, when they had crossed the courtyard and were fairly out of sight, "look on the mantelshelf."

Miss Savage looked, and saw there a letter addressed in a crabbed engrossing hand.

"From Fawcett and Clarke?" she asked.

"Yes; from Fawcett and Clarke. Read it."

She opened it, and, having read it, went over and knelt down beside the old lady's chair.

"Well," said Miss Langtreys, querulously, "what do you think of it?"

"I think it is a hard, unfeeling letter; but—bat, dear Aunt Hester, what they write is no longer of any consequence."

"No, indeed! Nothing matters, now. The sooner it is all over, the better."

"Not so, dear! I mean that they cannot hurt us any more—that they shall not take The Grange away from you! Fortune, tired of persecuting us, has done a good turn at last."

Miss Langtreys straightened herself in her chair.

"What do you mean, Winifred?" she said, frowning. "Has Lancelot Brackenbury taken the liberty . . . ?"

"Lancelot came over to-day on purpose to tell me something," interrupted Miss Savage, hurriedly. "He could not tell me before—not till he proved the will. But, oh, dear Auntie, Cuthbert—poor Cuthbert!—has left me twelve thousand pounds!"

Miss Langtreys looked at her niece in silence. A faint flush rose to her sallow cheek, and quickly faded. She betrayed no other sign of emotion.

"Twelve thousand pounds?" she repeated.

"Yes—think of it! Enough to pay off the mortgage, and repair the dear old house, and put the cottages in order, and do everything that we have so long wanted to do! Enough and to spare for all our needs, dear Auntie!"

"Will it be paid at once?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Did he say so?"

"I did not ask him; but I am quite sure of it, all the same."

Miss Langtreys put out her hand for the letter and tore it, very deliberately, into four pieces. Then her suppressed exultation found vent in a sudden outburst of impatience.

"Get up, Winifred," she said. "Get up,—go to the table. Is there any ink in that inkstand? Quick, quick!—answer these men at once—write what I tell you! We won't wait for the post. Ring the bell—bid Reuben saddle the old hunter. He shall ride over to Singleton with the letter— Did the bell sound? Will that pen write? Are you ready?"

"Quite ready. What shall I say?"

"Say that I have requested you to inform them—. No, write in my name, and I will sign it. Say this: 'Gentlemen,—I have received your notice of ejectment, which I decline to accept, it being my intention to pay off the mortgage upon this property, with arrears of interest due, by or before the date named in your letter' . . . or, stay, tear that up, and write instead, thus:—"

"Gentlemen, I have received your letter informing me that your six months' notice will expire on the 15th inst. You will not need to provide yourselves with the threatened 'writ of assistance,' but if you will wait upon me here on Tuesday, the 12th, this unpleasant matter can be concluded. My solicitor will be in attendance, and I particularly request, for important private reasons, that Mr. John Fawcett will be present. That is enough."

"Ending with 'Yours truly'?"

"Ending with my signature."

"Surely that is very abrupt!"

Miss Langtreys' eyes flashed sullen fire.

"I am 'truly' their bitter enemy, as they were your uncle's bitter enemies and evil advisers. I will maintain no show of civility towards them, and write no meaningless phrases. Is it ready? Read it over to me."

Winifred read it over, and Miss Langtreys signed it in an angular hand, every letter of which was as thin and upright as herself.

"I never wrote my name with so much satisfaction," she said, as she gave back the pen.

"And we owe it to Cuthbert—poor, generous Cuthbert!"

Miss Langtreys drew her lips together and shook her head.

"Winifred," she said, curtly, "that's nonsense. It so happens that we are especially glad just now of twelve thousand pounds, no matter how or whence it comes. But don't talk to me about generosity. Had he left you fifty thousand, it would have been barely just."

"No, no—dear Aunt Hester!"

"Ay—barely just. His grandfather bought our birthright for a mess of pottage, and shall we be thankful now for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table?"

Miss Langtreys forgot how "the rich man" had sought, by the only means in his power, to make amends for that foregone transfer of Stephen Langtreys' birthright. She forgot that his having made a will at all—a will essentially temporary—was in itself an act of signal delicacy and thoughtfulness. She forgot, too, that his untimely disappearance was almost too certainly due to those fatal diamonds intended for his bride.

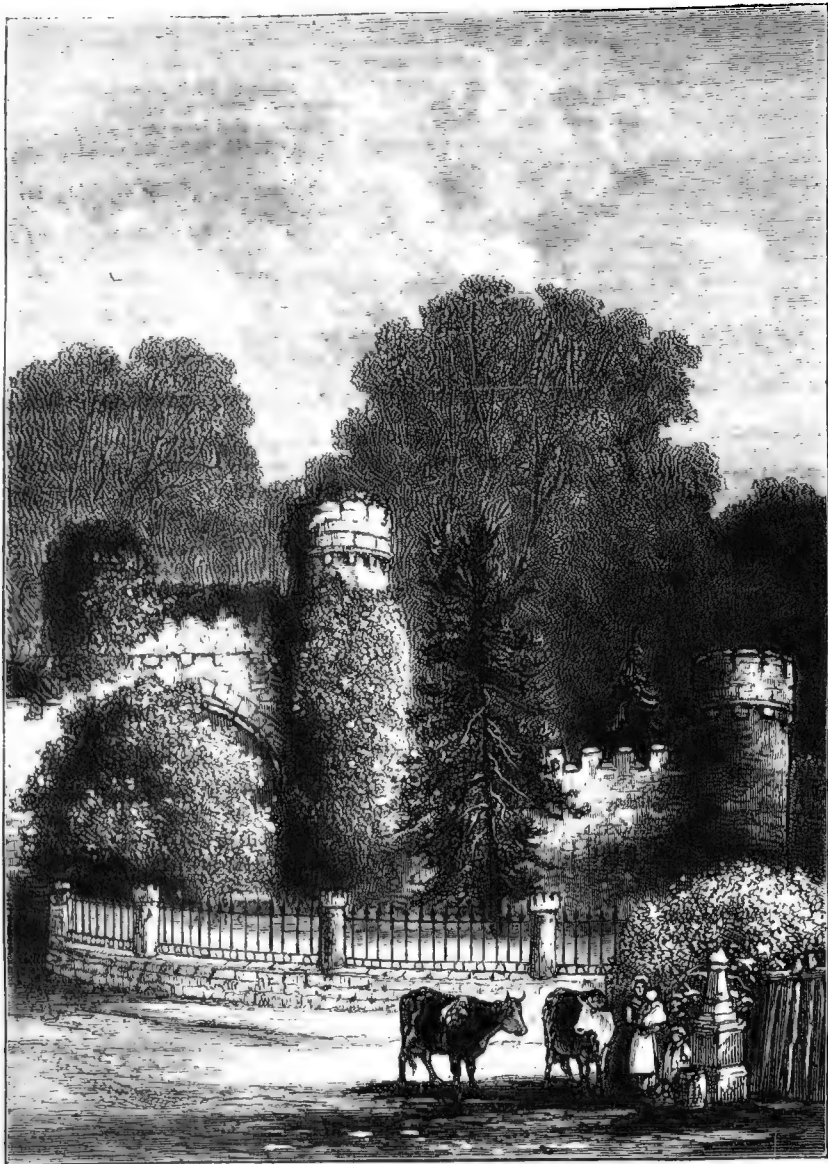
But Winifred, though silent, remembered all this—remembered it with tears when she laid her head that night upon her pillow. How good he had been to her!—how patient, how forbearing, how generous! How, even from the darkness and mystery of the past, his hand was now even stretched forth to help and save her! And she—what had she done to repay his trust, to deserve his bounty? Had she loved him with the love so justly his due? Had she been even commonly grateful to him?

Thus questioning her own heart, thus looking back upon the years that were gone, she wept; and her tears were tears of self-reproach.

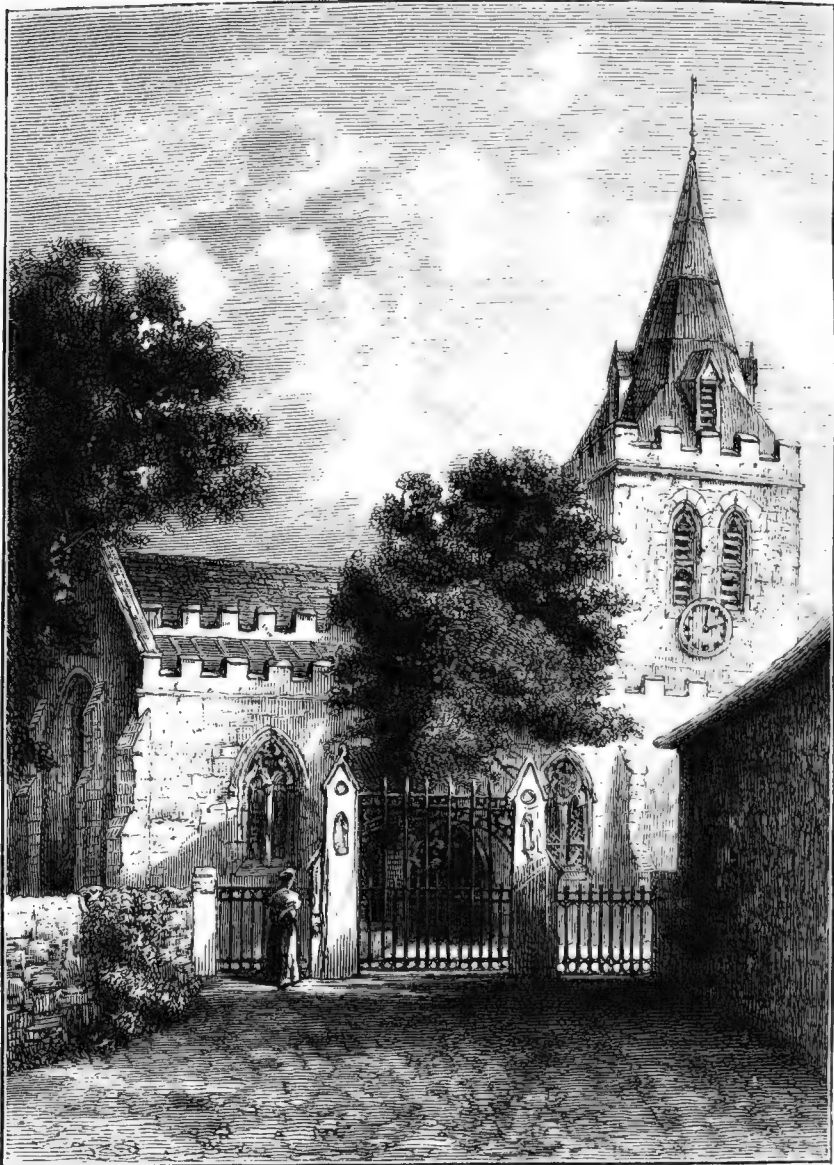
(To be continued.)

THE "ST. ANTHONY JEWELLERY" has been adopted by Viennese belles, the fashion having been set by the Empress—at least so says the *Brussels National*. Thus a miniature and lifelike gold model of the tiny pig, which was the Portuguese saint's constant companion, is fastened by a ring to bracelets, chains, necklets, &c.

A MONSTER MONUMENT to illustrate the history of the various Republican Governments of France is being planned in Paris. It would be constructed on the Place du Carrousel, and colossal equestrian statues of the illustrious generals of the First Republic—Kleber, Hoche, Marceau, and Desaix—would occupy the four angles.



ENTRANCE TO HAWARDEN PARK



CHANCEL OF HAWARDEN CHURCH



The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone
Rev. Stephen Gladstone (Rector of Hawarden)

Miss Gladstone

Mrs. Gladstone
Miss Helen Gladstone

W. H. Gladstone, Esq., M.P.

Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone
Mr. Herbert Gladstone

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS FAMILY



VIEW FROM ANCIENT CASTLE MOUND



REMAINS OF ANCIENT CASTLE, HAWARDEN PARK



MR. GLADSTONE ATTACKING MR. DISRAELI'S FIRST BUDGET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1852

NEW MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

BENJAMIN ARMITAGE, Esq., M.P. for Salford (Liberal) is the second son of the late Sir Elkanah Armitage, of Hope Hall, Lancashire. He was born in the year 1823, educated at Barton Hall School, Patricroft, near Manchester, and is a Magistrate for the county of Lancaster, and Chairman of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Armitage, who has been twice married, is in business in Manchester as a cotton spinner and manufacturer.

J. SPENCER BALFOUR, Esq., M.P. for Tamworth (Liberal), is a son of Mr. James and the late Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, the well-known authoress and temperance advocate. He was born in 1843, educated privately in France and Germany, is a director of several public companies, and has for some years past been active in the promotion of Liberal principles in the county of Surrey, where he resides, being president of the Croydon and a vice-president of the East Surrey Liberal Association. He is also captain in the Second Surrey Rifle Volunteers, and a member of the Croydon School Board.

REGINALD BALIOL BRETT, Esq., M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth (Liberal), is the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir W. Baliol Brett, one of the Lords Justices of Appeal. He was born in 1852, and educated at Eton and Cambridge, and married a short time since the youngest daughter of M. Sylvain Van der Weyer, the late Belgian Minister. Mr. Brett is private secretary to the Marquis of Hartington.

MARSTON CLARKE BUSZARD, Esq., M.P. for Stamford (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Dr. Marston Buszard, of Lutterworth, Leicestershire. He was born in 1837, educated at Rugby and Cambridge, called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1862, made a Queen's Counsel in 1877, and goes the Midland Circuit. He unsuccessfully contested Stamford in 1874, and now enters Parliament for the first time. Stamford has never returned a Liberal since 1832.

ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT WALTER CARDEN, M.P. for Barnstaple (Conservative), is a son of the late Mr. J. Carden, solicitor, of London. He was born in 1801, and was gazetted an officer in the 82nd Foot, but subsequently became a stockbroker in the City. He is a Magistrate for Middlesex and Surrey, and an Alderman of London. He was appointed a Commissioner of Lieutenancy for London in 1849, served as Sheriff of London in 1851, and as Lord Mayor in 1857-8. He is not new to Parliamentary life, having sat for Gloucester from 1857 to 1859. He contested Barnstaple in February last, upon the occasion of the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Waddy, but was defeated by Lord Lymington, who is now his colleague. He had also previously been an unsuccessful candidate for St. Alban's and for Marylebone. Sir R. Carden married in 1827, but was left a widower in 1874.

JESSE COLLINGS, Esq., M.P. for Ipswich (Liberal), is the eleventh child and youngest son of Mr. T. Collings of Exmouth. He was born in 1837, educated privately at home, and at Stoke near Plymouth, and was for many years head of the mercantile firm of Messrs. Collings and Willis of Birmingham, of which city he is an Alderman, and was last year Mayor. He retired from business in May last, and is Honorary Secretary of the National Federation of Liberal Associations and of the National Education League, and Chairman of the Birmingham Free Library and Art Gallery Committee.

CHARLES CONRAD ADOLPHUS DE BOIS, BARON DE FERRIERES, M.P. for Cheltenham (Liberal), is the only son of the late Baron de Ferrières, of the Netherlands, by his marriage with Miss Henrietta Peterson, of Northallerton, Yorkshire. He was born in the year 1823, and is a Magistrate for Gloucestershire. He was naturalised by Act of Parliament in 1867, on succeeding to his father's title. The Baron married in 1851 Miss Annie Sheepshanks, daughter of Mr. William Sheepshanks, of Arthington Hall, Yorkshire.

WILLIAM FOWLER, Esq., M.P. for Cambridge (Liberal), is the fourth son of the late Mr. John Fowler, of Chapel Nat, Melksham, Wilts. He was born in 1828, educated at University College, London, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1852. Mr. Fowler, who has been thrice married, is a Magistrate for Essex, and is a former Member of the House, having represented the borough of Cambridge in the preceding Parliament from 1868 till 1874.

SIR HENRY MEYSEY MEYSEY-THOMPSON, Bart., M.P. for Knaresborough (Liberal) is the eldest son of the late Sir H. S. Meysey-Thompson, Bart., some time M.P. for Whitby, who assumed the additional name of Meysey in 1874. He was born in 1845, and educated at Eton and Cambridge, is a Captain in the Yorkshire Hussar Yeomanry, and a Magistrate for the North and West Ridings of Yorkshire.

WILLIAM NEWZAM NICHOLSON, Esq., M.P. for Newark (Conservative), is a son of the late Mr. B. Nicholson of Newark, where he was born in 1816. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native town. He is a Magistrate for and Alderman of the borough of Newark-on-Trent, of which he was Mayor in 1851. He was Chairman of the Local Committee of the Great Exhibition, and has been Chairman of the Newark School Board since its formation in 1871. He is also the founder and head of the well-known firm of Messrs. Nicholson and Sons, Agricultural Engineers, of Newark. Mr. Nicholson has been twice married.

ARTHUR PEASE, Esq., M.P. for Whitby (Liberal) is the fourth son of Mr. Joseph Pease, of Southend, near Darlington, many years M.P. for South Durham. He was born in 1837, married in 1864 a daughter of Mr. E. Pike, of Bessborough, County Cork, and was Mayor of Darlington in 1873-4.

CHARLES NICHOLAS PAUL PHIPPS, Esq., M.P. for Westbury (Conservative), is the son of Mr. Charles Paul Phipps, who represented the same borough from 1868 to 1874. He was born in 1845, educated at Eton, and married in 1874 a daughter of Sir F. Hervey-Bathurst, Bart. Mr. Phipps is a Magistrate for the county of Wilts, and a Lieutenant in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry.

JOSEPH PULLEY, Esq., M.P. for Hereford (Liberal), is the eldest son of Mr. J. Pulley, of Bayswater. He was born in 1822, and is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Herefordshire. He is still a member of the Stock Exchange, although he retired from business in 1869. Mr. Pulley married in 1860 Miss Mary Burgess, third daughter of the late Mr. H. W. Burgess, but is now a widower.

CHARLES SAVILE ROUNDELL, Esq., M.P. for Grantham (Liberal), is the younger surviving son of the Rev. D. R. Roundell, of Gledstone Hall, Yorkshire. He was born in 1827, educated at Harrow and Oxford, where he graduated with high honours, and afterwards became a Fellow of Merton College. In 1857 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but ceased to practise in 1865. In that year he was appointed Secretary to the Jamaica Commission, and in 1872 Secretary to the Duke of Cleveland's Commission of Inquiry into the Property and Income of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1868, upon the accession of Mr. Gladstone's Administration, he went to Ireland as Private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, and in 1871 was appointed a Member of the Friendly Societies Commission. Mr. Roundell unsuccessfully contested Clitheroe in the General Election of 1868. He is in the Commission of the Peace, and a Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Sussex. In 1873 he married Julia, elder daughter of Wilbraham Tollemache, Esq., of Dorfield Hall, in the County of Chester.

HUGH SHIELD, Esq., M.P. for Cambridge City (Liberal), is the second son of the late Mr. J. Shield of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was born in 1831, educated at the Grange School, Bishopwearmouth, and

at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and subsequently at Cambridge, where he graduated in 1854 with high honours in Classics, Moral Science, and Law. He was called to the Bar of Gray's Inn in 1860, and at first joined the Northern Circuit, but now goes the North-Eastern Circuit.

THE HON. HENRY STRUTT, M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed (Liberal), is the eldest son of Lord Belper. He was born in 1840, educated at Harrow and Cambridge, where he graduated LL.B. and LL.M. in due course. He is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the latter county, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the South Notts Yeomanry. He married in 1874 Lady Margaret Coke, sixth daughter of the Earl of Leicester. He sat as M.P. for East Derbyshire from 1868 to 1874, when he was defeated by Mr. F. Arkwright.

JOHN PENNINGTON THOMASSON, Esq., M.P. for Bolton (Liberal), is the eldest son of the late Mr. T. Thomasson, of Bolton-le-Moors. He was born in 1841, educated privately at Worksope, and at University College, London, and is engaged in business as a manufacturer and cotton spinner at Bolton-le-Moors. Mr. Thomasson was through life the personal friend, and after his death the executor, of the late Mr. Richard Cobden. He married in 1867 a daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Lucas of London.

BARON HENRY DE WORMS, M.P. for Greenwich (Conservative), is a member of a Jewish family of Austrian extraction. He was born in London in 1840, and educated at King's College, of which he has since become a Fellow. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1863, but two years afterwards abandoned the legal profession, and became a partner in the mercantile firm of Messrs. George Worms and Co., of Austin Friars. He is a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Middlesex, a Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, and the author of several scientific and political works. In 1868 he unsuccessfully contested Deal, and at the general election just past he was at first a candidate for the City of London, but at the special request of the Government he withdrew in order to avoid the candidature of four Conservatives.

WALTER WREN, Esq., M.P. for Wallingford (Liberal), is the second son of the late Mr. Richard Wren. Born at Buntingford, Herts, in 1834, he was educated first at the Grammar School of his native town, and afterwards at Elizabeth College, Guernsey. He subsequently went to Cambridge, and while there he broke down under a spinal disease, the effect of which was to leave him partially paralysed for the rest of his life, but in spite of this immense drawback he stuck manfully to work, and soon after taking his degree he set up as a private tutor or "coach," which profession he carried on for a number of years with great success, preparing candidates for military and civil competitive examinations. Mr. Wren, who has been twice married, bought an estate in Berkshire some years ago, and since then has devoted much attention to agricultural questions, and he is well known as a correspondent, on various subjects, of *The Times*, *Daily News*, *Spectator*, and other newspapers.

THE LATE JOHN SKIRROW WRIGHT, Esq. (Liberal), the newly-elected member for Nottingham, died suddenly on Thursday last week, while attending a committee meeting at Birmingham. Mr. Wright, who was in his fifty-eighth year, had been long and closely connected with public work in Birmingham, especially with all movements for bettering the condition of the working classes. He had been Chairman of the local Liberal Association from its commencement, and as the Chairman of the Birmingham School Board he had rendered valuable aid in promoting the educational work of the town. He was one of the few Birmingham employers who gave his workpeople an interest in the success of business by an annual distribution of bonuses. He had been several times elected Chairman of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, and represented that body at the opening of the Suez Canal. He was a Borough Magistrate, a Director of Lloyd's Bank, and Treasurer of the Baptist Midland Association.

Our portraits are from photographs. Mr. Balfour by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside; Sir Meysey-Thompson by A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; Mr. Brett by Window and Grove, 63A, Baker Street, W.; the Hon. H. Strutt by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Fowler by T. Fall, 9, Baker Street, W.; Sir R. W. Carden by Mayall, 224, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Armitage by T. and J. Holroyd, Harrogate; Messrs. Wright and Collins by R. W. Thrupp, 66, New Street, Birmingham; Mr. Wren by H. Jenkins, Wallingford; Mr. Shield by T. Stearn, 72, Bridge Street, Cambridge; Baron de Ferrières by A. Boucher, 15, King's Road, Brighton; Mr. Pease by E. Wheeler, 43, Western Road, Brighton; Mr. Buszard by G. A. Nichols, Rutland Villas, Stamford; Mr. Thomasson by Peter Greenhalgh, 45, Bridge Street, Bolton; Mr. Pulley by J. Thirlwall, 18, King Street, Hereford; Mr. Phipps by Hills and Saunders, Aldershot; Mr. Roundell by C. Bontraeger, Wiesbaden; Mr. Nicholson by K. Ferencz, Budapest; and Baron de Worms by V. Angerer, Vienna.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

A MOST interesting paper on Balmain's luminous paint was read last month by Professor Heaton before the Society of Arts, when the entire question of Phosphorescence was considered, and some curious experiments were shown. The general public will naturally be most interested in the applications of this new agent to the wants of everyday life, and these applications seem to be very numerous. The luminous compound seems to adapt itself to all kinds of media with which it may be mixed for different purposes; and it is clearly demonstrated that, so treated, it will stand exposure even to the atmosphere of the metropolis. Its applications to marine purposes is, in Professor Heaton's estimation, the most important of all. From experiments made, it has been ascertained that a buoy painted with the luminous pigment is distinctly visible on a dark night for at least one hundred yards. Its importance as a covering for life-buoys is also obvious, and in this particular application it may be the means of saving many lives. A diver, whose dress had been rendered phosphorescent, appeared before Professor Heaton's audience, and the lecturer stated that a man similarly equipped had lately descended into twenty-seven feet of not very clear water at Southampton. He was able to distinguish the bolt-heads and mussels on a ship's bottom without difficulty. For minor uses, such as the names of streets and numbers of houses, it is hoped that the paint will soon come into general use. But its present price of 28s. per pound is decidedly against it.

A new method of heating foot-warmers is being tried on one of the French railways. They are filled with acetate of soda, a compound which possesses considerable latent heat. This heat is rendered sensible as the salt crystallises from its solution, and a foot-warmer so charged takes more than fifteen hours to cool. The acetate is re-dissolved by placing the receptacle in a stove, when it is again ready for service.

Some very fine enlargements of photographs taken by the electric light, and printed by the new platinotype process, were exhibited at the last meeting of the Photographic Society. The pictures had more the aspect of carefully executed chalk drawings than photographs, their black tone adding to the illusion. This process is worthy of attention, if only for the undoubted permanence of its results. The pictures will resist every known agent with the exception of hot *aqua regia*, a fluid which is not met with by accident. The duldest daylight will suffice to print a picture in a

few minutes, and it is developed by being submitted to a hot solution of potash, which causes the details to start out as if by magic. A little washing in acidulated water completes the operation. This is very different to the manipulations required in the production of silver prints, which extend over several hours, and are far from being permanent. Although the process may with advantage undergo some modifications before it is adapted to general portraiture, its use for enlargements, and more particularly for the requirements of artists and scientific men, who occasionally want a rapidly produced and permanent result, is all that can be desired. We may mention, in this connection, that Captain Abney has lately been working on a printing process which also promises good results. He has succeeded in producing a printing surface so sensitive that a picture can be printed upon it by thirty seconds' exposure to ordinary gaslight. The details of the process are contained in a recent number of the *Photographic Society's Journal*.

In our late notice of the new compound known as "Spence's Metal" we called attention to its probable usefulness as a mould material for taking casts of gelatine reliefs in photo-engraving processes. We now learn that M. Wernecke has been experimenting in this direction with hopeful results. The same gentleman has also contrived an ingenious method of etching on the same compound. The drawing is made on the so-called metal in common ink, the ground being eaten away by the action of bisulphide of carbon. Whether this system is successful enough to rival the use of wood blocks remains to be proved; but it is an important step in that direction.

Mr. R. H. Ridout lately brought before the Physical Society some remarkable experiments upon vibratory motion in fluids. Water, on passing along a tube, is caused to vibrate until a musical sound is produced; and if this sound be a simple one, unaccompanied by harmonics, the stream issues from the pipe in a regular form, as in

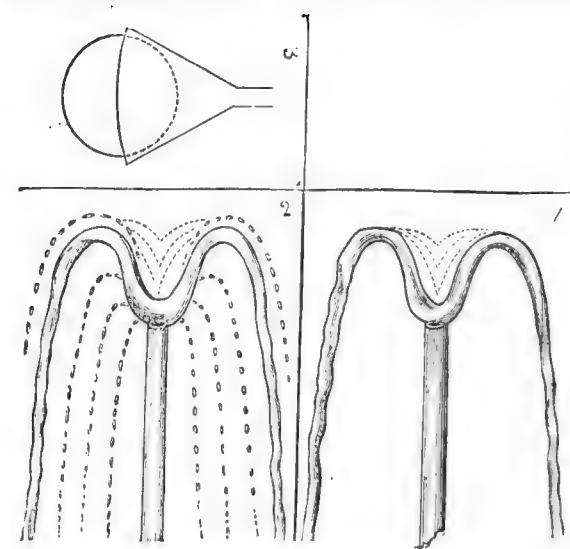


Fig. 1; but if the sound be less pure, and overtones are present, the resulting figure of the issuing water becomes more elaborate, as in Fig. 2. Mr. Ridout points out that the phenomena are closely analogous to sensitive flames, but that the latter are controlled from without, and water-jets are excited from within. In another experiment a stream of coloured liquid (Condy's fluid) is caused to flow from a small cone into a vessel of clear water, in which a little oxalic acid is dissolved. If the two liquids are of the same density, the first pursues its course through the second in an unbroken stream; if, however, the issuing water be spoken to, it is affected by the vibrations of the voice, and assumes a definite figure. These figures can be varied according to the position of the speaker or speakers. The acid in the water destroys the colour after a few seconds, so that experiments may be continued without interruption.

Another curious fact which Mr. Ridout calls attention to is that an indiarubber ball can be supported by a stream of water issuing from a cone-shaped opening. In Fig. 3 such a ball is shown attached to an inverted funnel. Instead of being forced away, it appears to be sucked towards the opening, and the water actually seems to flow faster while it is present.

The electric light has recently been tried for night navigation of the Seine. Placed in the bows of a vessel, its beams were thrown forward by means of a parabolic reflector, and the vessel shot clear of bridges and other obstacles without difficulty. We are daily hearing of some fresh application of the electric light; and in many cases, as in the one quoted, it seems to be adopted where a far less expensive and efficient system could well take its place. It seems strange that, in the general cry for "more light," the brilliancy of the Drummond or lime-light is quite forgotten. Its radiance is second only to the electric light, and the apparatus for producing it is cheap and perfectly safe. With what is known as a blow-through jet, and a bottle of compressed oxygen, any one can, with the help of the ordinary gas supply, produce this beautiful light. It is perhaps not suitable for ordinary domestic purposes, or it would long ago have come into general use; but for places of business, where the electric light is used merely as an attractive advertisement, and for those whose labours require a bright and steady means of illumination, it would be invaluable.

We hear, on good authority, that the much-talked-of Edison cardboard lamp will soon be seen in London. The cardboard is to give place to a piece of carbonised Manila hemp, which is so tough in character that it can be tied into a knot even after it has suffered incandescence in the circuit.

T. C. H.



SIR EDMUND LECHMERE'S TENANTS.—At a time when interested parties have been endeavouring to set landlords and tenants by the ears, it is pleasant to see the address of congratulation presented to the popular Worcestershire baronet by his farming tenantry. Sir Edmund's victory at the poll was complete, but we believe he felt equal gratification that Mr. F. Foster, the oldest tenant on the estate, could say in the name of an united tenantry, "We have always received the greatest respect and consideration in any matters mutually concerning us. We are perfectly satisfied with the manner in which you have always met us, especially during the late depressed times in agriculture." In his reply Sir Edmund made some satisfactory agricultural allusions, and mentioned as one reason the more for his gratitude to the farmers supporting him that they had done so when spring sowings rendered their time and presence on the farm of peculiar value. This is a point which has been generally overlooked in the recent struggle.

RIVERS AND ANGLERS.—The Thames, the Derwent, the Annan, the Wye, the Lyn, the Dove, and the lower Exe are in fine state for fishing. A rise in the water is needed on the upper Exe,

on the Barle and on many streams in the west and north. The Severn is rather low, but some good sport has recently been had.

FISHES AND RODS.—Mr. J. H. Keene contributes to an angling contemporary an interesting discussion on fear in fishes and flashing rods. Anglers should read it.

THE WOODSTOCK AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—This society has just held its annual meeting. There was a large attendance. Mr. Bulford presided. The finances of the association were pronounced satisfactory. The year's show was fixed for Tuesday, 21st September, and prizes and other arrangements for it considered.

THE TARPORLEY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This well-known association of the Western Midlands propose holding their annual show at Chester; but the aid and consent of that city have yet to be obtained, and the date has to be fixed. The Cheshire Agricultural Society meet this year at Crewe for the county show.

BIRDS.—A correspondent informs us that birds, and noticeably starlings, have had a good breeding season in his district, and that he anticipates a better year for birds, game as well as others, than we have had for some time. We fancy that the experience and belief of our north of England friend are not confined to his part of the country.

SKENE ESTATE.—This well-known Aberdeenshire property has just been sold by the Earl of Fife to Mr. Hamilton the tenant. Mr. Hamilton has a capital herd of polled cattle, and his name is anything but a strange one in agricultural circles.

SALE OF CLYDESDALES.—A recent sale at Merryton showed a decline in prices, with a dull sale. A brace which obtained very high rewards at the Kilburn Show realised 200*l.*, but thirty-two animals went for 2,537*l.*, against 6,874*l.* for fifty-five horses last year.

HOPS.—The farmers of the Weald of Kent have organised a committee for making field experiments on hops, and a hop garden has been placed at the disposal of Mr. Cameron, the chemical adviser of the Tunbridge Wells Farmers' Club.

SHORTHORNS.—On the 27th inst. fifty fine shorthorns are to be sold by auction. They constitute the Halkerston Herd, a stud of very good repute in Midlothian.

THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES (ANIMALS) ACT.—It is rumoured that several members of the new Parliament are prepared to bring in a Bill to abolish this useful Act. We hope the attempt will not be made.

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION.—If the great body itself is inert, one of its agents is full of activity. Mr. Little's inquiries in the West of England have been most perseveringly pursued. When "last heard of" he was at Devizes Corn Market "asking questions."

WEYHILL SPRING FAIR.—This famous sheep fair was remarkable this year for a very small supply of sheep. Most of the 3,000 offered for sale were tegs. Prices asked were decidedly in advance of the rates current at the autumn fair, but buyers did not readily come forward. Of dairy stock there was a fair supply, the largest contributor being Mr. D. Webb, of Andover, who had a choice collection of prime animals; but the demand was slow, and few sales were effected.

SHEEP IN THE WESTERN COUNTIES.—A Cheshire contemporary speaks of west country farmers as being in a very bad way, and instances the case of one agriculturist who is averred to have lost since November 295 out of 300 sheep, or a mean sum of about 65*l.* The same writer declares he knows many other cases almost as disastrous. A Gloucestershire clergyman, the Rev. C. R. Davy, has remitted half the rents due at Lady Day last from his farming tenantry, and many other landowners have shown practical sympathy with the misfortunes of agriculturists holding under them.

ESSEX MANORS.—Mr. Beresford Turner succeeds his father in the stewardship of the manors of High Easter, Pleshey, and Dedham, and of the honour of Clare. The Duchy of Lancaster has the lordship of these rights.

LAND DRAINAGE.—Mr. Thomas Scott, the well-known land agent and writer, is superintending the drainage of 450 acres of land at Brent Pelham. The work was begun in November last, and has been proceeding on scientific principles. There is still a great deal of land in the Eastern Counties which requires attention in this respect, and Mr. J. C. Barclay, the landowner of the Brent-Pelham Estate, is setting a good example to other Hertfordshire gentlemen.

LETTING FARMS.—The letting of farms at Lady Day this year has usually been on reduced terms, but here and there a grass farm has been let for a moderate advance.

LOCAL TAXATION.—Colonel Burnaby and Mr. A. Pell, two Conservatives, of Leicestershire, who have obtained seats in the new Parliament, have begun an active movement towards securing the alteration of the present incidence of local taxation. At the Leicestershire Chamber of Agriculture, on Saturday last, they made capital addresses on the subject, and a vote in favour of the changes advocated by them was passed. A petition in the same direction is being extensively signed in the Midlands, and the Leicestershire Chamber have decided to hold meetings in all the principal parts of the county in support of agricultural interests. We hope to see this activity imitated in other counties.

A FINE SALMON.—On Friday evening, 16th instant, at Earmouth, in the Tay, a salmon was caught weighing 52 lbs., and measuring in length 4 feet 4 inches. Higher up the river, at Castle Menzies, a salmon weighing 47 lbs. was caught with rod and fly. Recent rains have greatly improved the fishing in the Tay.



MR. H. M. WESTROPP has spared no pains to make his "Handbook of Pottery and Porcelain" (Chatto and Windus) useful to the collector and interesting to the general reader. In pottery he begins with the hand-made urns of the so-called Stone Age, and goes on, through the Egyptian and the five periods of Greek ceramic art, to the Minton *plateau* which the Queen sent to the German Emperor on his golden wedding. Following M. Jacquemart, he is rich in detail about China, Oriental Dresden and Sevres; not forgetting the strange story of how Böttcher, the Elector of Saxony's alchemist, found by the weight of his wig that it was powdered with the long-sought kaolin. He notices very favourably the Belleek Works, near Lough Erne. We hope some of his readers may help Irish distress by buying Belleek ware. His list of manufactories is very complete; and his series of trade-marks will be a great safeguard to buyers, for whose further guidance he has many hints,—that real Satsuma pottery, for instance, never has figure subjects, and that jewelled Sevres ware was first made in 1777, whereas many counterfeits bear an earlier date. The book is well and copiously illustrated, and will please even those on whom blue china has not "a soothing effect." The number of lost processes connected with these arts is remarkable. No one can now make cracked china; and, at the other end of the scale, the Brislington copper lustre has died out within living memory. One thing we wish Mr. Westropp had told us more about, the willow

pattern. He merely says it was introduced in 1780 by Turner, of Caughley, in Shropshire. Did Turner invent it?

We are so accustomed to connect the name of Keith-Johnston with improvements in maps and geographical manuals that we are not surprised to find "A Physical, Historical, Political, and Descriptive Geography" (Edward Stanford) a marvel of comprehensiveness and (as far as we have tested it) of accuracy. The amount of information which it compresses into some five hundred pages would furnish stock-in-trade for a dozen English masters and two or three professors. We have often heard of the man of one book; but till now we never saw (cyclopædias apart) the one book with which a man might be satisfied. He who knows the historical portion of this volume need not fear an examination from Mr. Freeman himself; nay, we venture to doubt if even Mr. Freeman knows all that Mr. Keith-Johnston tells us about the early history of China, for instance, or the condition of Spanish and Portuguese America in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. This historical portion is illustrated with twelve excellent little charts, figuring the state of the world at various epochs, from about 450 B.C. to 1878 A.D. In the descriptive part the usual long lists of capes and inlets are omitted—"they may be more quickly learned from a map;" while under the heads of "relief," "hydrography," "landscape," "climate," unusual prominence is given to the rainfall, the distribution of land and water, and the other physical conditions which (as the whole arrangement of the book is meant to show) tell on the religious and political development of the race. Mr. Keith-Johnston, many of us will remember, was leader of the Royal Geographical Society's Expedition to Lake Nyassa. This book (part of which was sent home from Zanzibar) shows how much geographical science lost when its author succumbed to the African climate. The more we look into it the more reason we find for praising its thoroughness.

Sport, athletics, natural history—all the words belonging to these we do not find even in the best foreign dictionaries; dictionaries are so timidly conservative, and the need for these words is such a novelty. "The International Dictionary for Naturalists and Sportsmen, in English, French, and German" (Trübner and Co.), supplies these shortcomings by teaching us the proper French and German for "to win by a head," "to give a horse his head," "fluted skates," "skittle playing," and such like. It also gives the names of plants and animals, a great boon to those who sojourn in a country and don't simply scamper through it. But surely betting and botany, racing and moth-hunting, are somewhat unequally yoked together. Why should a man who wants to discuss athletics with French and German comrades be compelled to carry about a big royal octavo, a good half of which is taken up with the names of plants and insects? Nor can we see why the French and German names should (though the nations are unfriendly) be placed apart at the cost of much space. Thus of forty kinds of sedge first the English names are given with their French equivalents, and then these English names are repeated with the German names over against them. Better had this space been devoted to cross-indexes, which would have made the work useful to foreign as well as to English readers. On the title-page there is a strange mistranslation. The French title promises the technical terms of *les sciences naturelles*; this might pass, for the Natural History part is pretty complete—we find *serp*, for instance; though we miss sea-slug, sea-anemone, and jelly-fish. But Mr. Simpson-Baillie would be the last to claim that he has given us a dictionary of "Natural History, and the Sciences." An international dictionary of terms used in "the Sciences" would be a work of far different calibre. No doubt the book meets a want; but two small books would have met it better; and, as to sport, a good many of Mr. Baillie's phrases have crept into some dictionaries scarcely less portable than "the International."

Bishop Gauden is such an unlovely character, at one time writing fulsome letters to Henry Cromwell, at another toadying Charles II., that we should rejoice if he was finally deprived of the authorship of "Eikon Basiliké." This Mr. E. A. J. Scott, of the British Museum, tries to do in the preface to his reprint of the 1648 edition of "The Pourtraicture of His Sacred Majestie in His Solitudes and Sufferings" (Elliot Stock). The subject, though worn as threadbare as the authorship of "Junius's Letters," is still interesting to many; and the publishers have done their best (as they did in the "Imitatio") to make the reprint a slightly little volume. The *fac simile* of the original frontispiece is carefully executed, and the printing of the "Eikon" may well tempt readers to go through what, despite its dullness, contains many curious hints in which Mr. Scott finds evidence of its authorship. While the book was being printed Mr. J. B. Marsh discovered in the Record Office one of the prayers at the end of the "Eikon," written, he believes, by the King's own hand. Mr. S. Gardner denies that the handwriting is that of Charles; but Mr. Scott has other proofs, convincing enough for those who wish to be convinced. It is clear that Charles II. always spoke of the book as his father's, and that Gauden had been named for a bishopric two years at least before he had claimed to be its author. If the existence of a Naseby copy could (as Dr. Wordsworth hoped) be proved beyond contradiction, the case against Gauden would be as clear as the casket letters, if genuine, are against Mary Stuart. Mr. Scott relies partly on internal evidence; the apophthegms in Book VI. of the "Eikon" agree word for word with the *antitheta* composed by the King, and written in his copy of Bacon.

Those who have not already read Mr. H. Blackburn's account of what he saw at Oberammergau ten years ago will be glad that it is republished as "Art in the Mountains" (Sampson Low). The illustrations are good, those of the peasantry better than the portraits of the actors. We hope that this year's performance will not also be cut short by the breaking out of war. It reads strangely that Christus was drawn for the artillery, and was as a special favour allowed to keep his long hair that he might resume his part when the war was over. The performance is to last from 17th May to 26th September, and (as Mr. Blackburn says) every decade there will be more acting and less individuality; so that those who mean to go should go now. The book contains a route-map and three pages of information for travellers.

Its title might imply that "The London Market Gardener" (37, Southampton Street, Covent Garden) is merely a book for the specialist. On the contrary, it contains much to interest the amateur; while for the student of gardening it is most valuable. As Mr. C. W. Shaw remarks, "The best results are obtained in market gardens," and while the practice of the best private gardeners is given in horticultural papers, the market-gardener has neither the time nor the wish to tell the world how he manages to do so much better, with the means at his command, than the best private gardener. Mr. Shaw tells it for him; and gives, besides, a deal of pleasant information as to how we are supplied with early flowers and vegetables. Much has been lately written about increased fruit-culture; Mr. Scott's warning is "Be careful what you grow! In early plums, apples, &c., we can never compete with the foreigner; our spring frosts are almost sure to injure the crop, and if it escapes it ripens just when the glut comes from abroad. Grow late fruit which will come in when the foreign supply is falling off; though when that is, now that America has taken up the fruit trade, it is hard to tell. The middle-man is the curse of the fruit trade more even than of others; but we do not see how he can be got rid of. If it is his fault that every plentiful year hundreds of bushels of good apples, plums, &c., are left to rot because they won't pay for the gathering, he is the reverse of a public benefactor. Mr. Shaw's notes on lettuce and endive and cucumber-growing are useful for small as well as for large gardens.

He shows how much more may be got out of the ground than most of us are content to draw from it.

"If you've got any money put it into ostriches," wrote some one in *The Times* in October, 1876; and accordingly Mr. F. G. Browning went out and took a share in an ostrich farm. But for the drought he would have succeeded; as it was, he and his chum were glad to keep trudging three miles to and fro to gather, like Ahab and Obadiah in Scripture, bags of grass which just kept their horses alive. In November, 1877, he sold his ostriches (of course at a loss), and, joining the Frontier Light Horse, had little fighting, but much hardship and exposure. This resulted in a bout in hospital; after which he and his brother tried melon-growing, but the plants, after much painful hand-watering, were cut off in a night by a hot north wind. He then started as trumpeter in the Cape Mounted Yeomanry, and again had several scares, some skirmishing, and some dreadful weather. On the whole, in "Fighting and Farming in South Africa" (Remington, 5, Arundel Street) the former predominates. There is a charm about the farming life, and Mr. Browning describes it with charming simplicity. His experience is worth something, and his descriptions, notably that of a miserably wet night in camp, are graphic because they are quite unaffected. His only political remark is "every one could see in 1877-8 that mischief was brewing among the native tribes, and that an outbreak was only a question of time."

Mrs. Stenhouse is bent on doing all she can to destroy the wretched system under which she lived for so many years. Her husband's "Rocky Mountain Saints" and her "Polygamy in Utah" are now followed by "An Englishwoman in Utah" (Sampson Low), a book which, more sensational than the wildest novel, is even more painful reading than M. Zola's "Assommoir." Not that we would therefore wish it unread; for, sickening as is the record of human folly and imposture, it is well to note to what base ends the noblest watchwords may be perverted when once religion is divorced from morality and common sense. Implicit faith in such grovelling hypocrites as these Mormon leaders, is the basis of the system. Such "faith" works like madness when it leads such women as Mrs. Stenhouse actually to teach polygamy. No wonder the honest Swiss matron to whom she was explaining the new doctrine, and who had before professed Mormonism, cried out: "Oh, my God, what a beastly religion! How dared you and your husband to bring it to us?" The marvel is that this very speaker went off before long to Utah and polygamy. Till she got to the City of the Saints, every wife believed that her husband would never practice what he held in theory. Mrs. Stenhouse changed at once when her husband brought in a second wife, though she was rather pleased when he thought of taking as a third one of Brigham Young's daughters. This third marriage, however, never came to pass. Mr. Stenhouse's newspaper grew too powerful to please Brigham; the second wife went in for a divorce; and Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse became apostates. A few years earlier they would probably have been quietly killed off; as it was they were merely "disfellowshipped," and challenged to "tell it all." This Mrs. Stenhouse has done, and the story is a very unlovely one. On her showing Mokanna was a saint compared with Brigham Young; but then she has a private grievance. She set up as a milliner, and the prophet, pleased with her bonnets, ordered one apiece for all his harem, and paid for them "by crediting the bill out of the tithing." This is not the only laughable bit in a book in which laughter and tears lie very near together. The zealous lady who was baptized for Queen Elizabeth (for baptism for the dead as for other things the Mormons quote Scripture), with the hope the Virgin Queen might by and by enter into polygamy, is matched by her who would not apostatise till she had got a new bonnet for the occasion. Few who take up Mrs. Stenhouse's book will lay it down again till they have read in its last chapter the details of the Mountain Meadows massacre—scarcely more horrible than those of the prophet-led emigrants' march through the snow across the Rocky Mountains.

Despite the matter-of-fact style—a sort of recitative—in which it is written, the story of "James Duke the Costermonger," by William Gilbert (Strahan and Co.) is by no means uninteresting. As may be guessed from its title, it is the life of an honest man in humble circumstances, and treats particularly of the degradations and misfortunes which followed upon his yielding to the temptation of drink. It is not without romance—certainly not without useful lessons, and, like Mr. Gilbert's previous works, it shows an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of poor people.

Perhaps "Needlework," by Elizabeth Glaister, will be found as useful and as instructive as any other volume of Messrs. Macmillan's Art at Home Series. Certainly it is as entertainingly written. It is intended to assist ladies in drawing and designing their own work, giving admirable suggestions for the choosing of patterns and colours, and showing some of the ways in which decorative needlework should be applied. It is well illustrated, and its advice is as good as its style is chatty and vivacious.

The story of Robert Raikes, the founder of our Sunday School system, will ever hold a high place in Christian biography. In publishing a neat centenary sketch, ("Can Nothing be Done?" *Hand and Heart Office*) of this great benefactor's life, the Rev. Charles Bullock takes occasion to direct attention to the large number of our working population who never attend God's house, and, believing that the experience of the Sunday School in dealing with the children is suggestive of the right course to be pursued in dealing now with their parents, makes some valuable proposals which should not be overlooked. In contradistinction to that spasmodic Evangelistic effort, of which we have recently seen so much, the author thinks that in any home missionary effort the association of the workers, howsoever few, in Church fellowship, and the fixed appointment of religious services not to be in any case suspended, are essential steps. In order to accomplish this he proposes the erection of suitable buildings in our overgrown parishes—buildings which should be *winning*, (how utterly unwinning are mission-rooms as a rule!), and which could be made to answer as Free Libraries; and Reading and Lecture Rooms on weekdays. He goes thoroughly into details, and clearly explains his plan, but we must refer the reader to the book for further particulars. The idea seems to us a good one, worthy of encouragement, and one which, if carried out, could not fail to be productive of much real benefit.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The City of Dreadful Night, &c.: James Thomson. Reeves and Turner.
The Serpent's Track: Rev. C. Rogers, LL.D. Printed for Gratuitous Distribution.
The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk: George Houghton. Estes and Lauriat, Boston.
Louisiana, and That Lass of Lowrie's: Frances H. Burnett; The Purgatory of Dante: A. J. Butler. Macmillan.
Phileas; or, The Throne of the Priest: A Drama of Ancient Egypt. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.
The Pictorial New Testament for the Young; Poems by J. W. Williams. Elliot Stock.
Sussex Stories (3 vols.): Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. Strahan and Co.
Modern Domestic Cookery: Jenny Wren. Paisley: Alex. Gardner.
Studies in the Theory of Descent: Dr. Aug. Weismann. Trans. and Edited by Raphael Meldola, with a Prefatory Notice by Charles Darwin (Part 1) by Watering Places of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland; Ed. Gutmann; J. W. Arrowsmith.
Lady Greensleeves: Helen Mather. S. Low and Co. (New Ed.).
Gipsy Life: George Smith of Coalville. Houghton and Co.
The Village of Palaces, Chelsea (2 vols.): Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. Hurst and Blackett.
Voice Production and Voice Preservation: Gordon Holmes; A Popular Handbook of Parliamentary Procedure: H. W. Lucy. Chatto and Windus.
Catalogue of Statues and Busts in Marble and Casts in the National Gallery of Victoria. Ferguson and Moore, Melbourne.
A Short Sketch of the Peninsular War: Walter W. Northcott; The Irish Question: the Earl of Dunraven. Stanford.

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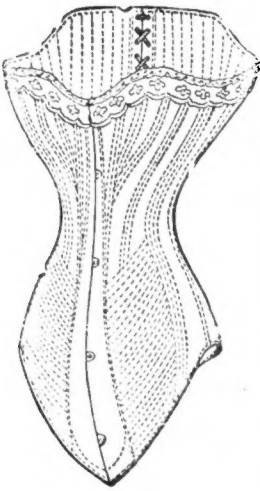
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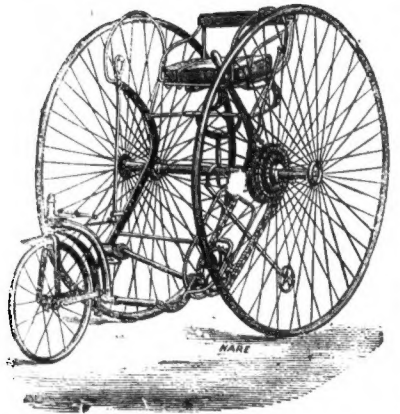
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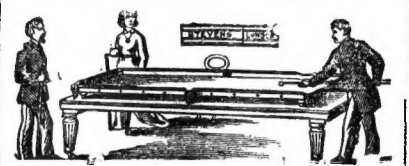
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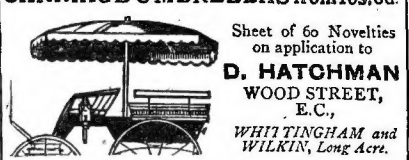
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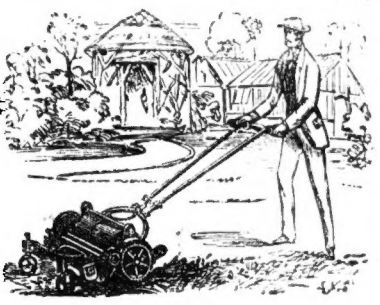
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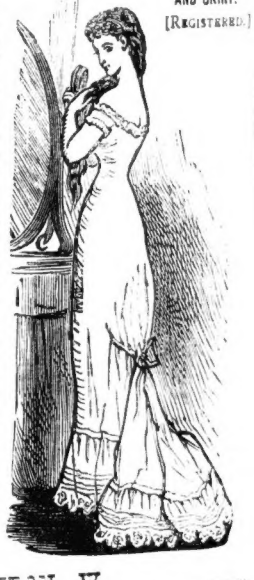
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